

THE LIVING AGE.

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Single Copies of THE LIVING AGE, 15 cents.

THE DREAMER IN WAR-TIME.
 As I went out by Vision-gate
 The timid said to me,
 "Too late you come! too late—too
 late!"
 The light has left the sea,
 The torrent of the night's in spate,
 The wolves of fear are free."

I left the gate, I went my way
 Where faint the pathway showed;
 Though black and harsh the shadows
 lay,
 And fierce the darkness flowed,
 Though Horror in the night held sway,
 I kept the dreamer's road.

For there were hosts who went before
 And cried, "O dull and blind!
 Ye loiterers at the Vision-door,
 Your Goal is here to find:
 All that your hungry hearts adore,
 And all your hopes divined.

Long time you went in dust and heat
 Along the sunny track
 Your old accustomed dream to greet,
 And turned and hastened back,
 Because the wolves of fear were fleet,
 Because the night grew black.

But those who come through Vision-
 gate
 This angry dark to face,
 They run to greet their spirit's mate,
 They go to love's embrace;
 For them, the wicket opens straight
 Upon the Wayless Place.

It gives upon no sheltered lane,
 It gives upon the Whole;
 The sacred web of joy and pain,
 The vast unfinished scroll
 Where dying hands have written plain
 The passion of the soul."

Evelyn Underhill.

The Nation.

WIRELESS.

There sits a little demon
 Above the Admiralty,
 To take the news of seamen
 Seafaring on the sea;
 So all the folk aboard-ships
 Five hundred miles away

Can pitch it to their Lordships
 At any time of day.
 The cruisers prowl observant;
 Their crackling whispers go;
 The demon says, "Your servant,"
 And lets their Lordships know;
 A fog's come down off Flanders?
 A something showed off Wick?
 The captains and commanders
 Can speak their Lordships quick.

The demon sits a-waking;
 Look up above Whitehall—
 E'en now, mayhap, he's taking
 The Greatest Word of all;
 From smiling folk aboard-ships
 He ticks it off the reel:—
 "An' may it please your Lordships,
 A Fleet's put out o' Kiel!"
Punch.

SLEEP.

To "the Child in us that trembles before death."—PLATO.
 Say hast thou never been compelled to
 lie
 Wakeful in Night's impenetrable
 deep,
 Counting the laggard moments that
 so creep
 Reluctant onward; till, with voiceless
 cry
 Enduring, thou hadst willing been to
 fly
 From Life itself, and in oblivion
 steep
 Thy tortured senses? To such longed-for
 sleep
 Death is a way; and dost thou fear
 to die?

Nay, were it this, just this, and
 naught beside—
 Merely the calm that we have
 grieved for,
 The wayfarer might still be glad to
 hide
 From grief and suffering!—but how
 much more
 Is Death,—Life's servitor and friend,
 —the guide
 That safely ferries us from shore to
 shore!

Florence Earle Coates.

The Athenaeum.

THE SUBMARINE IN WAR.**ITS MENACE AND ACHIEVEMENT.**

The war opened on the evening of August 4th. The operations at sea have been mainly remarkable by reason of the successes achieved by submarine vessels. Owing to the operations of these vessels, employed for the first time in actual hostilities, the British Fleet has lost the cruisers *Pathfinder*, *Cressy*, *Hogue*, *Aboukir*, *Hawke*, and *Hermes*, and the gunboat *Niger*; the German Fleet the cruiser *Hela* and a destroyer; while the Russian Navy is the weaker by an armored cruiser, the *Pallada*. Submarines have thus destroyed eight cruisers, a gunboat, and a destroyer.

It matters not whether the ships which have been destroyed were or were not of high military value when reviewing events, not from the standpoint of the issue of this particular war, but from the point of view of the submarine as the enemy of the big ship. It could be argued that our battleships might have shared the fate of the lost cruisers, and that, but for fortuitous circumstances, Russia might be deplored the destruction of one of her few Dreadnoughts instead of a cruiser.

Must we conclude from the experience of the war that the development of the submarine has already sounded the death-knell of battleship, cruiser, and destroyer? Are we compelled to look forward to a future when the defence of our world maritime interests will be confided to craft resembling in their general characteristics the submarine, which during the past four months has exhibited so much activity in the North Sea and in the Baltic? Does this revolution point the way to an appreciable reduction in our naval expenditure, since whereas a Dreadnought may cost as much as £3,000,000 and requires nearly 1,000 officers and

men, a submarine can be constructed for a sum of about £150,000, and her crew numbers only about 30?

By a coincidence the opening of the war was preceded by a lively controversy as to the future of the submarine. Admiral Sir Percy Scott, in a letter dated December 15th, 1913, which was not published until early in June, claimed for under-water craft the primacy of the seas. This officer's declaration was all the more notable because he has gained world-wide fame as a gunnery officer and was responsible for a revolution in gunnery methods. He boldly asserted that the introduction of vessels that travel under the water had, in his opinion, entirely done away with the utility of the ships that travel on the water. Proceeding to develop his argument, Sir Percy Scott examined the functions of a vessel of war. He declared that they were as follows:—

Defensively:—

1. To attack ships that come to bombard our ports.
2. To attack ships that come to blockade us.
3. To attack ships convoying a landing party.
4. To attack an enemy's fleet.
5. To attack ships interfering with our commerce.

Offensively:—

1. To bombard an enemy's ports.
2. To blockade an enemy.
3. To convoy a landing party.
4. To attack an enemy's fleet.
5. To attack an enemy's commerce.

The Admiral then examined the influence of the submarine on the battleship and cruiser:—

"The submarine renders 1, 2, and 3 impossible, as no man-of-war will dare to come even within sight of a coast that is adequately protected by submarines; therefore, the functions of a battleship as regards 1, 2, and 3, both

defensively and offensively, have disappeared.

"The fourth function of a battleship is to attack an enemy's fleet, but there will be no fleet to attack, as it will not be safe for a fleet to put to sea. This has been demonstrated in all recent manœuvres, both at home and abroad, where submarines have been employed, and the demonstration should have made us realize that, now that submarines have come in, battleships are of no use either for defensive or offensive purposes, and, consequently, building any more in 1914 will be a misuse of money subscribed by the citizens for the defence of the Empire.

"As regards the protection of our commerce on the high seas, we must examine who can interfere with it.

"Turkey, Greece, Austria, and Italy must pass through the narrow Straits of Gibraltar to get at our commerce.

"Cyprus, Malta, and Gibraltar, well equipped with aeroplanes to observe the enemy's movements, and submarines to attack him, would make egress from the Mediterranean very difficult.

"Spain and Portugal have ports open to the Atlantic, and could interfere with our commerce, but war with those countries seems very improbable, and they are not very far from Gibraltar.

"France from Brest could harass our commerce, but if homeward-bound ships gave that port a wide berth and signalled by wireless if they were attacked, fast cruisers and submarines from Plymouth could be very soon on the spot.

"Russia and Germany are very badly placed for interfering with our commerce: to get to the Atlantic, they must either run the gauntlet of the Channel, or pass to the north of Scotland, and even if they get out they have nowhere to coal.

"America could attack our commerce, but they would have a long way to come.

"If by submarines we close egress from the North Sea and Mediterranean, it is difficult to see how our commerce can be much interfered with.

"It has been suggested to me that submarines and aeroplanes could not stop egress from the Mediterranean; that a fleet would steam through at night. With aeroplanes that would report the approach of a fleet, and 30 or 40 invisible submarines in the narrow Strait of Gibraltar, trying to pass through them at night would be a very risky operation.

"Submarines and aeroplanes have entirely revolutionized naval warfare; no fleet can hide itself from the aeroplane eye, and the submarine can deliver a deadly attack even in broad daylight."

In this declaration Sir Percy Scott threw down the glove to the champions of the battleship and the cruiser. "I can see," he stated, "no use for a battleship and very little chance of employment for a fast cruiser." In other words, this distinguished officer, who had devoted his active career to the study of the gun, expressed his conviction that the under-water vessel carrying the torpedo was supreme. It was his opinion that the Navy would undergo a complete change: "Naval officers will no longer live on the sea but either above it or under it, and the strain on their systems and nerves will be so great that a very lengthy period of service will not be advisable; it will be a Navy of youth, for we shall require nothing but boldness and daring." This was the picture which this officer drew for us of the Navy of the future, and he proceeded to visualize the conditions which would exist when the peace was broken.

"In war-time the scouting aeroplanes will always be high above on the look-out, and the submarine in constant readiness, as are the engines at a fire-station. If an enemy is sighted, the gong sounds and the leash of a flotilla of submarines will be slipped. Whether it be night or day, fine or rough, they must go out to search for their quarry: if they find

her, she is doomed, and they give no quarter; they cannot board her and take her as a prize, as in the olden days; they only wait till she sinks, then return home without even knowing the number of human beings that they have sent to the bottom of the ocean.

"Will any battleship expose herself to such a dead certainty of destruction? I say, No.

"Not only is the open sea unsafe; a battleship is not immune from attack even in a closed harbor, for the so-called protecting boom at the entrance can easily be blown up. With a flotilla of submarines commanded by dashing young officers, of whom we have plenty, I would undertake to get through any boom into any harbor, and sink or materially damage all the ships in that harbor.

"If a battleship is not safe either on the high seas or in harbor, what is the use of a battleship?

"It has been argued to me that if a Foreign Power destroys our submarines we are at the mercy of his Dreadnoughts. There can be no doubt about the accuracy of this statement; but submarines are difficult to destroy, because it is difficult to attack what you cannot see. A Power which sends out ships to look for and destroy submarines will be courting disaster; the submarine when in the water must be kept away from, not looked for.

"Submarines will be hauled up on land, with arrangements for instantly launching them when required; they can only be attacked by airships dropping bombs on them.

"What we require is an enormous fleet of submarines, airships, and aeroplanes, and a few fast cruisers, provided we can find a place to keep them in safety during war time.

"It has been argued to me that our enemy will seize some island in the Atlantic, get some fast cruisers there, with plenty of coal, and from this island prey on our commerce. This is ridiculous: the moment we hear of it we send a flotilla of submarines towed by an Atlantic liner, she drops them

just when in sight of the island, and she brings them back to England when they have sunk everything they found at the island.

If we go to war with a country that is within the striking distance of submarines, I am of opinion that that country will at once lock up their Dreadnoughts in some safe harbor; we shall do the same; their aeroplanes and airships will fly over our country; they will know exactly where our ships are, and their submarines will come over and destroy anything and everything that they can get at.

"We shall, of course, do the same; but an island with many harbors and much shipping is at a great disadvantage, if the enemy has submarines."

It required no little courage on the part of an officer of high repute thus to attempt to foreshadow the future of naval warfare, and the courage was all the greater in the case of Sir Percy Scott because, since he was a young lieutenant, he has been foremost in efforts to get the best possible fighting value out of the guns carried by the Fleet.

What has been the experience of war? In one respect at least Sir Percy Scott was right; he foreshadowed the policy of the Germans. Their battle squadrons have not been seen in the North Sea since hostilities opened. Whether this inactivity has been due to the fact that Germany found herself confronted with an enemy on the West and an enemy on the East, or whether it has been due to a nervous dread of British and Russian submarines, may be a matter of some doubt. Probably both causes had their influence in determining German action. She could not afford to concentrate all her strength in the North Sea, because it was necessary to mask the Russian Fleet. On the other hand, she could not detach any considerable section of her fleet for duty in the Baltic, because, if it were defeated, she would be left so weak

that she could not hope to offer battle in the North Sea, however favorable the strategic conditions might become. There can be no doubt, however, that the Germans, who were late converts to the submarine, believed that by the use of these under-water craft and by sowing mines they could wear down our margin of superiority in the North Sea and weaken the Russian Fleet in the Baltic. In other words, Germany determined to lock up her valuable big ships until it was thought that her submarines and mines had produced advantageous conditions such as would enable the battle fleet and its cruiser squadrons to issue forth with some hope, if not of victory, of fighting an action at sea on such terms as would leave the British Fleet no longer in a position of supremacy in relation to the other great fleets of the world. Germans have always admitted that they would be well satisfied with a result which robbed us of the trident—even though it were not transferred to their own hands.

So far as the German Fleet is concerned, Sir Percy Scott's prophecy has been fulfilled; it has remained hidden from view. On the other hand, have British battleships and cruisers remained during all these weeks shut up in harbor and exposed to the dangers which Sir Percy Scott foreshadowed? This has not been the experience of war. What happened to the Grand Fleet when war opened and it disappeared from view behind an impenetrable screen we must not attempt to speculate. Some light has, however, been shed upon the matter by the despatches of October 21st and by other announcements made by the Admiralty. Hostilities opened under conditions which rendered it a hazardous adventure for the large ships of the German Fleet to venture into the North Sea. Germany, owing to the late period at which she began

the construction of submarines, was weak in these craft, while we were strong. During last year she kept in commission twenty-four of these under-water vessels, most of which were small and of an experimental type. When the war opened she had possibly thirty submarines in all, of which twelve represented the new design—craft of considerable displacement, great radius of action, and reasonable habitability. This on the one hand. On the other, the British Navy possessed about seventy efficient vessels, and had twenty more under construction, all of which the Admiralty informed Parliament last spring would be completed, it was anticipated, by the end of March next. In submarine craft, the proportion of effective vessels was at least two to one, and has since been approaching the proportion of three to one.

In these circumstances what happened? It has been announced in the despatches that "Three hours after the outbreak of war, submarine E6 (Lieutenant-Commander Cecil P. Talbot) and E8 (Lieutenant-Commander Francis H. H. Goodhart) proceeded, unaccompanied, to carry out a reconnaissance in the Heligoland Bight. These two vessels returned with useful information, and had the privilege of being the pioneers on a service which is attended by some risks." So far as we were concerned, the war at sea was begun by the submarines—a point of historical interest.

Nor is this all. British submarines were the guardians of the Army when it was crossing the Channel. We are told that:—

"During the transportation of the Expeditionary Force the *Lurcher* and *Pirendrake*, and all the submarines of the Eighth Submarine Flotilla, occupied positions from which they could have attacked the High Sea Fleet had

it emerged to dispute the passage of our transports. This patrol was maintained day and night without relief, until the *personnel* of our Army had been transported and all chance of effective interference had disappeared.

"These submarines have since been incessantly employed on the enemy's coast in the Heligoland Bight and elsewhere, and have obtained much valuable information regarding the composition and movement of his patrols. They have occupied his waters and reconnoitred his anchorage; and, while so engaged, have been subjected to skilful and well-executed anti-submarine tactics; hunted for hours at a time by torpedo craft and attacked by gunfire and torpedoes."

British submarines, of which we possessed at least twice as many as the enemy, supported by a great superiority of above-water vessels, in effect established an effective blockade of the enemy in the earliest stage of the war by penetrating to the very entrance to the Kiel Canal, in which the Germans had hidden their battleships and cruisers. The British battleships and cruisers were not, however, content to remain on the defensive. In the fourth week of August no inconsiderable number of big ships—Dreadnoughts and armored cruisers—took part in the scooping movement in the Bight of Heligoland. They challenged the enemy's battle fleet, cruiser squadrons, destroyers, and submarines, the heavy guns mounted in the defences of Heligoland, and were not afraid even of the mine fields. In this operation five Dreadnought cruisers—the *Lion*, *Invincible*, *Queen Mary*, *Princess Royal*, and *New Zealand*—took part, together with four large armored cruisers—the *Cressy*, *Euryalus*, *Hogue*, and *Sutlej*, together with the vessels forming the Fourth Light Cruiser Squadron, comprising the *Southampton*, *Birmingham*, *Lowestoft* and *Nottingham*.

We thus have evidence, supported by the naval despatches, that in spite of the menace of the enemy's submarines, over a dozen Dreadnoughts and cruisers of the British Fleet, offering targets varying in length from 430 feet to 660 feet, penetrated into the territorial waters of the enemy, where his under-water craft might hope to operate with the greatest success. The operation was carried out in daylight, though there was a mist. Vice-Admiral Sir David Beatty states that "At 11 A. M. the squadron (of Dreadnought battle-cruisers) was attacked by three submarines. The attack was frustrated by rapid manœuvring." Under a full head of steam these huge ships proceeded to the assistance of the light cruisers and destroyers, which were already heavily engaged. "Our high speed . . . made submarine attack difficult, and the smoothness of the sea made their detection comparatively easy." In these circumstances the Dreadnought cruisers, unscathed, entered the fighting area where the British light cruisers and torpedo craft had been for some time heavily engaged, gave the *coup de grâce* to the enemy's cruisers, besides maiming a number of destroyers, and then withdrew. "At 1.40 P.M." it is added, "the battle-cruisers turned to the northward, and *Queen Mary* was again attacked by a submarine. The attack was avoided by the use of the helm. *Lowestoft* was also unsuccessfully attacked." This action, the first in this or any other war in which submarines had been engaged, proved innocuous to the many British large ships which were employed, though they offered to the enemy's under-water craft apparently such easy targets. Each attack failed. The reason is not far to seek. The British ships possessed high speed and their captains used the helm in order to manœuvre rapidly, and thus they eluded the torpedoes aimed at

them. In this connection it should be noticed that a destroyer fires torpedoes from a tube which can be trained like a gun, but the tube in a submarine is fixed, and the vessel must be manœuvred to bring the torpedo on the target, and if this be moving rapidly the operation is an extremely difficult one. This handicap of the submarine is, so far as can at present be seen, permanent.

Nor is this the only evidence which is available to prove that the British Battle Fleet has not accepted the rôle of inactivity which it was assumed it would have to accept. On September 10th the Admiralty announced that "Yesterday and to-day strong and numerous squadrons and flotillas have made a complete sweep of the North Sea up to and into the Heligoland Bight. The German Fleet made no attempt to interfere with our movements, and no German ship of any kind was seen at sea." This statement supplies further evidence of the activity which the Grand Fleet has exhibited

in face of the submarine menace. The enemy was offered a number of targets for submarine and destroyer attacks, and the challenge, so deliberately offered, was as deliberately refused.

But it may be contended that the German submarines have, nevertheless, achieved considerable success. A number of British cruisers have, it is true, been sunk. It may come as a surprise to those who have not followed the course of the naval operations with care to learn that in the present war the gun has been more effective than the torpedo; in one case, it should be added, the gun has been reinforced by the ram, as when the German submarine was sent to the bottom by the cruiser *Birmingham*. The table of losses is as follows, it being added that three British ships—the small cruiser *Amphion*, the old gunboat *Speedy*, and submarine D5, as well as the German cruiser *Yorck*, and the Japanese cruiser *Takachiho*—have been lost owing to mines:—

ALLIES' LOSSES.

(a) BY SUBMARINE ATTACK.

Cruiser *Pathfinder*.

" *Cressy*.

" *Hogue*.

" *Aboukir*.

" *Hawke*.

" *Hermes*.

Gunboat *Niger*.

Cruiser *Pallada* (Russian).

(b) BY GUNFIRE.

Cruiser *Good Hope*.

" *Monmouth*.

" *Pegasus*.

ENEMIES' LOSSES.

(a) BY SUBMARINE ATTACK.

Cruiser *Hela*.

Destroyer S. 126.

(b) BY GUNFIRE.

Minelayer *Königin Luise*.

Cruiser *Zenta* (Austrian).

Submarine 15.

Cruiser *Magdeburg*.

" *Köln*.

" *Mainz*.

" *Ariadne*.

" *Emden*.

Destroyers S. 20, 115, 117, 118, 119,

126, and V. 187.

The success of the enemy with submarines has been greater than the success of the British vessels. This is due to the simple fact that the enemy has kept his larger ships hidden from attack, while British ships have had to maintain a constant patrol of the

North Sea in order to "contain" the enemy and thus confine the war to one main strategical theatre. Apart from incidental brushes off the Dutch coast and the successes of submarine E9, the principal losses sustained by the enemy were due to a surprise.

There seems to be no doubt that when the scooping expedition of August 28th was undertaken the Germans believed that an opportunity presented itself of overwhelming a weak British force, which had had the foolhardiness to wander into the Bight of Heligoland. Orders were apparently given for a number of cruisers to come out and join in the engagement with our advanced flotillas, the impression being that these ships were unsupported. The concerted movement had, however, been well planned, and the enemy having been drawn out into the open, three of the cruisers were sunk.

The circumstances in which six British cruisers and one Russian vessel were sunk by German submarines will repay examination. The sinking of the light cruiser *Pathfinder* off the east coast and the *Hermes* in the English Channel may be regarded as ordinary incidents of war—successes of the submarine due to no fortuitous circumstances, unless it be that the British ships were steaming slowly. One of the survivors of the *Pathfinder* has stated:—

"About half-past three tea-time was piped, and all the available hands went to their messes. I suppose there were about two hundred men having tea below at the time. I went down to see the meal was going on all right, and after a minute or two went on deck again. I mounted to the top of the hatch about midships on the port side, and was just commencing to speak to Mr. Morrison, gunner, when the chief boatswain's mate shouted, 'There's a submarine away there on the starboard quarter.' Mr. Morrison just saw her periscope, but before I could see it it had either disappeared in the trough of the sea or the vessel had sunk. I believe the torpedo-officer (Lieutenant-Commander E. T. Favell) also saw it, for in an instant he gave the orders to 'Full steam ahead starboard,' and 'Full speed astern port,' and just after a gun was

fired. It all occurred in a few seconds, and while I was still standing with Mr. Morrison the ship shook, and there was a rumbling sound from her bottom on the starboard side, just opposite to where we were. At the same time both engines were stopped, and this I found was by the order of Mr. Favell, who, no doubt, saw the torpedo coming."

The success of the Germans in the attack upon the *Aboukir*, *Hogue*, and *Cressy*, on the one hand, and on the *Hawke* and *Theseus* on the other, and similarly the successful attack on the Russian cruiser *Pallada*, were effected by the use of a neutral flag. In each case a merchant vessel, flying the Dutch ensign, acted as decoy and enabled the enemy's submarine to discharge a torpedo at a target which was apparently almost stationary. When the war opened British naval officers can hardly have anticipated that an enemy, which is fighting for the spread of culture, would employ dishonestly the flag of a neutral country in order to get in his blows. This, however, is the strategem which he has used. On the first occasion, according to the statements of survivors, the destroyers, which were acting as the screen of the cruisers, had been driven into port by heavy weather, and were on their way to resume duty when the *Aboukir* noticed a fishing vessel flying the Dutch flag. Immediately afterwards she was struck by a torpedo. Commenting upon this action the Admiralty afterwards announced:—

"The sinking of the *Aboukir* was, of course, an ordinary hazard of patrolling duty. The *Hogue* and *Cressy*, however, were sunk because they proceeded to the assistance of their consort, and remained with engines stopped endeavoring to save life, thus presenting an easy and certain target to further submarine attacks.

"The natural promptings of hu-

manity have in this case led to heavy losses which would have been avoided by a strict adherence to military considerations. Modern naval war is presenting us with so many new and strange situations that an error of judgment of this character is pardonable. But it has been necessary to point out for future guidance of his Majesty's ships that the conditions which prevail when one vessel of a squadron is injured in a minefield, or is exposed to submarine attack, are analogous to those which occur in an action, and that the rule of leaving disabled ships to their own resources is applicable, so far, at any rate, as large vessels are concerned. No act of humanity, whether to a friend or foe, should lead to the neglect of the proper precautions and dispositions of war, and no measures can be taken to save life which prejudice the military situation. Small craft of all kinds should, however, be directed by wireless to close the damaged ship with all speed."

Subsequently the *Theseus* and *Hawke* were approached by the same stratagem. The latter ship was sunk; the *Theseus*, in view of the danger which threatened her and the warning issued by the Admiralty, steamed away from the area of danger. This incident is a reminder that the submarine has introduced two new horrors into warfare. In the first place, a vessel of this type, having delivered a fatal blow, can render no service to its victims. There is no accommodation for survivors. Having discharged a torpedo, it must for its own safety keep out of range of its victim and her consorts. Nor is this all. If the cruiser or battleship which is attacked be accompanied by another cruiser or battleship, the latter, recognizing that speed means safety, must at once run away. This does not apply to all vessels; destroyers or other small craft ought as a military duty to stand by a large ship which is sinking. They

can not only render assistance to the crew, but if the submarine comes to the surface they can open fire upon her, themselves offering an insignificant target and exposing to danger a relatively small number of officers and men.

The submarine, despite the successes achieved during the war, has been proved to be neither invincible nor invulnerable. Whether or not it will ever drive the battleship off the seas is a matter on which naval officers of experience hold diverse views. What the submarine is they know; what the submarine may become no one knows. It may be capable of almost indefinite development. Ten years ago the under-water craft which were then passing into the navies of the world were small, fragile, slow, and therefore comparatively ineffective. The submarines of recent construction are large, fairly stoutly built, and on the surface develop a speed superior to that of the battleship which was our pride in the opening years of the present century.

In view of the fact that war is in progress, it is perhaps advisable to illustrate the progress of the submarine by reference to the craft of the German and other navies; but it should be understood that in submarine construction we are certainly not behind any other country. When the war opened Germany possessed, either complete or nearly complete, about thirty—perhaps thirty-three or thirty-four in all—submarines. Two-thirds of these vessels were comparatively small and slow. But in 1912 the German naval authorities began launching a new series, beginning with the under-sea boat numbered 21. There is every reason to believe that it is these new craft, numbering about a dozen only, which have been operating far from their bases and have robbed us of so many ships. These latest submarines are larger than most of the destroyers

in the German service, and are, in fact, very remarkable vessels. Instead of displacing less than 200 tons, as was the case with the early boats, they have a displacement on the surface of 900 tons. They are 213 feet long, and have a beam of 20 feet. Their speed on the surface is said to be 18 or 20 knots, and they carry sufficient fuel to travel two thousand sea miles without replenishing their oil tanks. Their speed when submerged is about 12 knots. These craft have three tubes for the discharge of torpedoes and also carry two guns—one a 14-pounder on a disappearing mounting, and the other a one-pounder weapon of special construction, which, it is claimed, is not injured by exposure to sea-water and is, therefore, on a fixed pedestal, remaining in position when the boat is submerged. Although the Germans took up the construction of submarines four or five years later than the British naval authorities, there can be no doubt that they have produced a series of boats of high military value. Not only is this true, but the experience of the war proves that the *personnel* of the submarine service is extremely efficient and the officers lack nothing in coolness and daring.

The conditions under which the crews of submarines exist have entirely changed in the past few years, and changed for the better. The boats no longer possess only cramped accommodation and therefore little air. They are large and roomy—as large, in fact, as a modern destroyer; they are provided with what passes for a deck; the commanding officer possesses a bridge from which to navigate the vessel when running on the surface, and when submerged the depth can be adjusted so nicely as to leave two periscopes, small fishlike eyes, on the surface of the water. These instruments are constructed on the principle

of the camera obscura—one is available for the commanding officer when searching for his prey, and the other can be used for navigation purposes. Although it is believed that the periscopes used in different navies resemble each other in general principle, it is by no means certain that the German type is not better than that fitted in the submarines of other countries. The Germans have always been supreme in all optical matters, and it would not be surprising if in the construction of efficient periscopes they had outdistanced all rivals.

When submerged to a depth of a hundred feet or so even the most modern submarine is blind, for the periscope is then also submerged, but existence has its compensations. The vessel, propelled by electric motors fed from accumulators, is comparatively quiet and well lighted; there is an ample supply of fresh air; and the accommodation for the crew is good. The interior of a submarine, when running below the surface, somewhat resembles a section of a "Tube" railway, but the atmosphere is fresher, and the vessel is more brilliantly lighted. The two or more officers can pass the time reading or writing; while the crew may play cards, turn on the gramophone, or hold an impromptu concert. A submarine is somewhat democratic; the stricter rules of discipline are relaxed. There are always plenty of volunteers among the lower deck ratings for duty in under-water craft, particularly as they receive extra pay.

What is it like in the interior of a submarine? Here, again, it is advisable to rely upon German rather than upon British experience. Some time ago one of the crew of a German submarine—the wireless operator, for these craft have wireless installations—gave a description of a run in a submarine which conveys an admirable impression of the conditions

under which these craft operate:—

The sea is calm. Our hull is now completely submerged, and the water is lapping over the deck. Another few feet and the conning-tower is covered. Only the slim periscope betrays our position to the watchers on the surface. Through the periscope the spires of Kiel some distance away can be discerned. "Five metres" (16 feet) announces the man at the depth indicator, and, a moment later, "six metres" (19 feet). Deeper and deeper we sink, and it begins to grow chilly. The steel hull is very sensitive to changes of temperature, and down in the depths it is cold enough. Without delay the electric heater is turned on, and gives forth welcome warmth. Sixty-five feet is the depth now recorded on the dial.

I learn that we are to engage in torpedo practice at a target towed along the surface by a steam pinnace. In the bow compartment, which usually serves as living and sleeping accommodation, the chairs and tables have been stowed away and the torpedo gunners are busy at the bow tube. A torpedo is taken from its rack, placed in the slings and swung into the breech of the tube. This is a difficult operation considering the weight and length of the torpedo and the narrow space in which the work has to be done, and it is further complicated by the gentle rolling of the boat. But the tube is loaded and the breech swung home. A pump fills the air-chamber at the breech of the tube with compressed air, which is to drive the torpedo out, while the missile itself has already been charged with the compressed air which propels its engines.

From the conning-tower come repeated orders to the men in charge of the motors, pump, and other appliances. Suddenly the motor stops. "Stand by!" shouts the man at the voice pipe. For one moment a deadly silence reigns, broken only by the gentle hiss of the oxygen apparatus. Then the motor starts again, this time going full speed astern. We are prob-

ably determining the range of the target.

In continuation of this narrative, this German added:—

What would be happening if this were war? Supposing the enemy's ship had escaped our torpedo and discovered our position by the wash of our screws, which even at some depth still make a slight disturbance on the surface; and what if he were pursuing us, ready to drive his ram through our thin plating or to overwhelm us with a storm of bursting shell?

At this moment there is a dull thud from the bows, and the boat quivers slightly. The torpedo has been discharged and is now speeding towards the target at a velocity of forty knots. We shall not know till later whether we have made a hit or a miss.

With the firing of the torpedo our exercise is practically over, and preparations are now made to return to the surface. The bilge pumps are set in motion to clear the diving tanks and restore our buoyancy. The horizontal and vertical rudders and the diving planes are readjusted, and we begin to ascend.

Very soon a faint green light pervades the interior, and grows stronger. The conning-tower emerges, and an instant later we are on the surface, while the internal-combustion motors come into action and propel us through the water at increased speed. At last comes the welcome order, "Open hatches!" Ours is the first head to be thrust through the opening, and never before had the daylight seemed so welcome. The lungs take in deep draughts of fresh air instead of the "tinned" atmosphere we have been breathing since we went below, and which, in spite of the oxygen and purifying apparatus, still leaves much to be desired.¹ The electric lamps are burning dimly and give but a pale light in comparison to the sunshine which now floods the sea. It is good to be alive and under the open sky again.

¹ This description applies to one of the earlier German submarines.

What is the future of the submarine? In ten years the displacement has been quadrupled, the speeds on the surface and submerged have been doubled, and the fighting equipment immensely improved; from being little steel caskets, in which the crew dare hardly move for fear of disturbing the stability, they have become large, roomy craft in which twenty to thirty officers and men can live in comparative comfort. Great as has been the progress, there is every indication that the submarine has not yet reached the limit of its development. In the last issue of the *Navy League Annual*, M. Maxim Laubeuf, one of the pioneers in the design of submarines, summed up the present tendencies of under-water flotillas as follows:—

(1) Coast-guarding Submarines, of moderate tonnage (350-400 tons on the surface; 500-575 submerged); well-armed (two inner torpedo-launching tubes and four outer torpedo-launching apparatus, with eight torpedoes on board, for example); giving suitable speeds—14-15 knots on the surface, 9-10 knots when submerged for action; having a radius of action reasonably fixed in accordance with their probable operations and the geographical conditions of the country which uses same; having good living quarters; and, finally, having good nautical qualities, to be able to take the offensive with a fairly large radius, which implies a high buoyancy.

(2) Squadron Submarines, having a great displacement (without going too far, with a view to remaining within dimensions that do not create too serious difficulties of evolution or of use—for example, 1,200 tons when submerged); having a great speed—23 knots at least on the surface, 15 knots at least when submerged; with a powerful armament, a very large radius of action on the surface, excellent quarters and first-class nautical qualities, viz., a very strong buoyancy.

It is common knowledge that when

war occurred more than one country had under construction vessels of the coastal type and vessels of the squadron type. Some of the latter, it was reported, would displace 1,200 tons on the surface, have a speed of twenty knots, with twelve knots when submerged, and would be fitted with six torpedo tubes and two guns. Even this increase in size does not mark the limit which the submarine is attaining, for the Americans are about to build a vessel of 1,500 tons, with a radius of action of three thousand miles. Even larger submarines than this may be built in the near future. They will be vessels able to operate freely at a great distance from their base. In normal circumstances they will cruise on the surface, but they will be able to submerge themselves at will. It is probable that they will not only have tubes for discharging torpedoes, but will have their sterns specially constructed so as to enable them to drop mines. Indeed, the submarine minelayer is already a reality, Russia having already built a vessel of this type. Submarine cruisers of this character of the immediate future will be vessels of great menace. They will combine in some measure the qualities of a surface cruiser with those of the under-water craft with which the war is rendering us only too familiar. Like the submarines which have recently been constructed in this country and in Germany, they will have guns as well as wireless installations, which will enable them to send and receive intelligence. It is not improbable that they will be fitted with some form of sound-signal apparatus, the hull of the vessel acting as a drum against which the sound caused by the screws of a big ship will strike, to be caught by a microphone and thus carried to the ears of one of the officers on duty. A vessel of this description, displacing even as much as 4,000 or 5,000 tons,

may be regarded as the probable development of the immediate future, if Edison or some other inventor is able to evolve a light type of accumulator to provide the current required for running the propellers when submerged. It is, indeed, reported that Edison is already confident that he will be able to produce a far lighter accumulator than has yet been available. This on the one hand. On the other, it is not impossible that the new large sea-going submarine will also use electricity when travelling on the surface instead of some form of motor engine. In the latter connection, the following paragraph from the *Army and Navy Journal* of New York is suggestive:—

"The prospect of equipping with an electric drive the new battleship *California*, which is to be built at the New York Navy Yard, has been materially improved by the report of the officers of the *Jupiter* (a new collier) on which the new system of power was tested in a recent trip from the Pacific coast through the Panama Canal. The electric drive is virtually the same system as that used in running a trolley street-car line with power from a central station, the power house in this case being located on board the ship. It is reported that the new system not only materially decreased the amount of fuel used by the ship in making its speed, but decreased the space occupied by the machinery. This is the result of the use of a higher speed turbine than by the direct system of connecting with the propeller shaft. The turbine can be run at eighteen revolutions, while the propeller can be reduced to 150 revolutions. This makes it possible to use a larger and more effective screw. The electric drive also gives a better control over the ship, and it is believed that it will prove to be an important factor in manœuvring with large battleships."²

² It has since been reported from the United States, by cable, that it has been decided to equip the new battleship "California," of 30,000 tons displacement, with an electric drive.

It may be concluded that when large submarines of the sea-going type have been built the day of the battleship will be over. This, however, does not necessarily follow. War has already shown that speed is the big ship's best defence against submarine attack, and it is impossible to conceive a submersible man-of-war which can approach in rate of travelling the achievements of surface craft. Probably about twenty knots is as much as will ever be obtained in a submarine vessel on active service. We already have in the British Fleet battleships—we call them battle-cruisers—which can steam at thirty knots, and the limit in these men-of-war has not yet been reached. It may be anticipated that as the submarine increases in offensive powers, and increases also in size, battleship design as well as cruiser design will undergo considerable alteration. Increased attention will be directed to the engine-room installation of surface vessels and their lines, with a view to securing the highest possible speed. Experiments will undoubtedly be carried out in order to render them less liable to sink under torpedo attack. At the same time, it may be that a form of ram specially suited for attack upon submarines will be introduced. If these anticipations are realized, it is possible that the submersible vessel will, after all, prove merely a passing phase in naval warfare, and that surface craft will once more emerge as the undoubted arbiters of command of the sea.

Whether this expectation as to the swing of the pendulum prove ill- or well-founded, we have, at any rate, solid satisfaction in confronting whatever developments the present naval war may have in store for us. Incidents have already proved that against swift ships, manœuvred with dexterity, the submarine stands defeated. We have also the consolation that when

the hour dawns for the German Battle Fleet to issue forth into the North Sea, we shall have available twice or three times as many under-water craft, for Germany has suffered losses to which she has not confessed. The average speed of the squadrons of the German Fleet, particularly the older ships, is considerably below that of the British squadrons. Consequently if, contrary to the evidence which the operation in the Bight of Heligoland supplied, the submarine proves herself a potent agent of destruction even when employed against big ships under weigh, then the chances of the British Navy, with more ships and swifter

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ships, emerging victorious are further increased. In the circumstances, therefore, we may regard the future with no dismay, assured that we possess an increasing margin of superiority in submarines, as well as no mean advantage in large battleships and cruisers of high speed. Our confidence in the issue of the naval war is therefore reinforced by the knowledge that whether the final issue be determined by gunfire from Dreadnoughts, as there is good reason to anticipate, or by torpedoes from submarines—an unlikely contingency—we hold the winning cards.

Archibald Hurd.

THE SOUL OF BELGIUM.

The Belgian nation is now drawing to itself the attention of the world. From every side we receive testimonies of admiration and sympathy for which we are profoundly grateful to our allies and our friends. It is a difficult moment for our modesty. I will not ask whether our attitude deserves the praises heaped upon us. That is a question the answer to which does not rest with us. I would only enlighten the spectators who are watching us concerning the deeper reasons of this attitude of ours. With that object I would attempt to sketch the characteristic traits of our national consciousness, as it existed on the eve of the war. In this, perhaps, will be found the explanation of what we have done; and from it, perhaps, certain auguries can be deduced as to the reactions which may ensue hereafter from the present catastrophe.

Had we, in Belgium, a national consciousness? The question was raised but recently, and, to some, the answer might have seemed doubtful. It is so, I think, no longer. Events have

brought to light sentiments which were slumbering in the depth of our hearts; we had them within us without recognizing them ourselves; heredity and education had given us a soul whose essential traits were held back under the calm and softening influence of long-continued happiness; superficial emotions had drawn a veil over the deeper meaning of our desires. But the breath of the tempest has scattered these mists; a brutal shock has laid bare for the first time the true object of our wills, and these stand revealed to us in the common love which draws them to their ideal goal, clearly and precisely conceived. The observer, who yesterday might still have had his doubts, has no difficulty to-day in discerning the national soul. It is not that we have changed; it is only that we see to-day, better and more clearly, what we were already. But even that is a great change; and to have thus become conscious of ourselves will be for us, I hope, the point of departure for a new life.

At the very moment when Germany

lay dismembered at the feet of Napoleon, while the boots of his grenadiers were sounding on the pavements of Berlin, Fichte was engaged in writing his *Reden an die deutsche Nation*; and we have just seen official Germany celebrating the centenary of the philosopher along with that of the birth of their national consciousness. The whole philosophy of Fichte seems to lead up to these *Reden*; and when he explains how the Ego, in order to be revealed to itself, needs to strive against the opposition of the non-Ego, he does no more, perhaps, than transpose into the terms of his nightmare metaphysics the sharply defined experience through which Prussia passed a century ago, and which she is inflicting upon us Belgians to-day. The precedent is not one to discourage us.

I attach no great importance to race when the modern nations are in question. I attach still less when the question concerns nations formed like ours, at the cross-roads where for centuries the migrations of the peoples and the expeditions of armies intersect one another. The race is not the nation. The nation is not a physiological fact; it is a moral fact. What constitutes a nation is the community of sentiments and ideals which results from a common history and education. The variations of the cephalic index are here of no great importance. On the contrary, I believe that the essential factor of the national consciousness resides in a certain common mode of conceiving the conditions of the social life, which has the effect of causing those who share in it to unite easily on the same territory and under the same regime. Now it is beyond question that this community of idea existed in Belgium, that it penetrated our customs and our institutions, and that there is not a single Belgian to-day who does not feel the want of these customs and institutions and eagerly desire to return

to them at the earliest possible moment.

It is true that there existed in Belgium a duality of language: the north, for the most part, spoke Flemish; the south spoke Walloon dialects akin to the patois of Northern France and French was there the common language. This duality, however, was not strictly geographical; in many isolated spots the tongues are mingled, and have been so for centuries, while many individuals speak both languages with almost equal facility. Besides, under differences of expression, one finds in the Walloon as in the Flemish districts the same social psychology.

I cannot analyze here all the characteristic traits the predominance of which, easily verified, among the majority of our countrymen seems to me to constitute the Belgian temperament. I do not think, let me repeat, that these traits are racial; they are probably less hereditary than acquired, resulting from education and environment. Some differences exist, no doubt, between north and south; they are not much stronger than those which exist between east and west, and I am convinced that an observer who was not on the look-out for them might traverse Belgium without being aware of their existence.

Among the characteristics of the Belgian temperament one would notice, I think, a certain sluggishness of spirit, sufficiently indicated by slowness of speech, together with a vigorous independence. Hence arise a high degree of stability in our ideas, a critical spirit, sometimes carried to excess, and a strong dose of common sense. Hence also a certain slowness of decision, a horror of engagements which have not been thought out, a need of proceeding in all things with prudence and reason, and also a steadiness in resolutions once made. One would also observe a great sincerity both with

oneself and with other people, and, as the result, loyalty in transactions, aptitude for astute combinations and worldly conventions, and sometimes a certain want of flexibility in intellectual as in social life. One would observe a great reserve in the expression of our feelings, tending to limit them to a narrow and somewhat exclusive circle, but giving them so much the more force and persistence. One would probably observe a certain readiness to give way to mistrust and discontent which often, oddly enough, is compatible with unwavering devotion, the grievance notwithstanding. Our wills would be found, I fear, turned overmuch in the direction of material things, but at the same time firmly anchored in duty, careless of danger, and strongly attached to work. Above all, the Belgian will would be found possessed of an energy which no task unmays and no want of success, no need to begin over again, can discourage.

From this picture, which is not complete, diverse inferences may be drawn. But I will pause to consider only those which concern our national consciousness.

The habit of discipline is not, I think, our dominant quality. We have a horror of discipline imposed upon us by force and authority, and never once, in the course of our long history, have our successive masters been able to give effect to the systems they have conceived for our welfare, without asking our consent. Whoever has had in Belgium the occasion to take part in the education of young people will have had a similar experience on a small scale. Constraint with our young people is singularly ineffective. Whoever enforces it takes a straight path to a sure end, rebellion. Persuasion often succeeds no better, and here the practice of our public meetings and our political life is singularly instructive.

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The intelligence of the Belgian is as little disposed to obedience as is his will. When an idea is presented to him with the support of authority it has indeed one chance the less of being accepted.

On the other hand, we have an innate respect for legal rights. Whoever the victim may be, every breach of right arouses among us universal indignation. The semblance even of privilege or injustice often stirs our passions beyond measure, and a very small thing, in this order of ideas, suffices to drive the masses to violent demonstrations.

Hence it comes to pass that Belgium is the one country in the world where a vigorous and despotic authority has the least chance of success. Enlightened despotism meets a reception no more favorable than the despotism which is stupid and ignorant. Nothing can make head against the freedom claimed by individuals to go their own ways, nor against the multitude of particular rights. Of that the ancient history of our communes furnishes a striking illustration. We have not changed.

The result, more especially on the surface of things, is a certain disorder and a spirit of *laissez-aller* which I do not admire at all, but which can be easily defended when the true character of the nation is understood.

The indiscipline of the Belgians is readily pardoned when we consider the prodigies which individual initiative and free competition have accomplished in our midst. It will be forgiven on yet better grounds when we observe that in no degree does it prevent them from carrying out great collective enterprises. Nowhere, I think, has free association yielded greater results. By as much as we are careless to respect perfection of form in the ordering of a concerted movement, by so much are we capable

of throwing ourselves, body and soul, into the actual accomplishment of collective work. Each one, no doubt, will like to preserve the freedom of his own ways in the common effort, but outside of that he will place at the service of that effort all the energy he can command. In short, once embarked on an associated enterprise, he will remain loyal to it through thick and thin.

As a sample of what free self-sacrificing co-operation can produce among us, one may point to the extraordinary outburst of works of charity and teaching and social improvement. Among all these the University of Louvain deserves special attention. After monopolizing higher teaching in our part of the world from the fifteenth century, this institution was suppressed in 1798 by the French invasion, and re-established in 1835 as a free university. Since its restoration it has been deprived of all the endowments which made its former wealth, the town of Louvain has given back only in part the use of its ancient premises, it has received no appreciable subsidy from the public authorities, and all its resources have had to come exclusively from the devotion of its friends. None the less, it has succeeded in maintaining itself in the ranks of the great universities, and on the eve of the catastrophe which has just fallen it was giving, under the most modern of technical conditions, higher education to a body of 3000 students, it numbered 125 members in the teaching body, and had filled the town with colleges and new schools.

How can we understand the conjunction of so powerful a spirit of association with a spirit of independence which almost runs to the extreme of indiscipline?

Two things, I think, must here be noted. In the first place, our highly critical mind readily distinguishes

what is essential from what is not. We respect the essential, but we have no respect at all for the trappings. We do not believe in parades, nor in uniforms, nor in regulations; you will see us walking on the grass; by way of amusing ourselves we may destroy the cushions in the waiting-rooms; we may overlook the forms of civility and the rules of elegant language; but we know how to work fifteen hours a day for a cause we love and to shed our blood on its behalf.

Secondly, if we devote ourselves to social ends it is because they have become ours by free acceptance of our intelligence and our will. Our minds are wary and fault-finding; we are not to be convinced by unsupported affirmations, and "bluff" has no hold on us. But once a belief has won the adhesion of our minds we retain it unshaken. In like manner our will is rebellious, enthusiasm is difficult, affection rare and reserved, we do not allow a foreign will to put our own under constraint or capture it by insinuation; but when we have freely embraced a cause, we are ready to spend our last breath in its service.

Thus one may understand how it is that Belgium is in some degree a country of clans. Parties have often fought one another with fury, and more than once during the long periods of history they have shown a remarkable stability. In almost every instance, however, the attempts of foreign tyranny have restored the national unity in presence of the common foe. This has just happened, and the phenomenon has been astonishing both in its depth and its suddenness. We were on the morrow of a much-discussed election, and we were preparing for new conflicts which threatened heat. In a few hours, faced by the German menace, all divisions resolved themselves into a unity which may well survive the war.

Existing parties in Belgium date at least from the eighteenth century, and each of them represents in brief an essential element of our collective ideal: on one side, religious faith; on the other, freedom. The new party which seeks the realization of the democratic ideal has been formed in the midst of the "Liberal" party, but there is a parallel democratic group in the midst of the "Catholic" party.

The "Catholic" ideal and the "Liberal" ideal, so far as they carry with them the masses of the people, are perhaps less opposed than the conflicts in Parliament and the political results would suggest. In short, the Catholic faith is deeply rooted in the heart of the entire people, and every time its rights have been threatened in the course of our history the nation has risen up in mass for their defence. On the other side, the nation is always up in arms for the defence of freedom; the constitution, which is the common work of both parties, has proclaimed liberty of conscience, liberty of the press, liberty of teaching, liberty of association ever since 1830, and with a determination which must have seemed rash at that date. The Belgian Catholics in 1830 were in close relations with the French group which was editing *l'Avenir*, and ideas of liberty have always been the groundwork of their programme. They had only to follow its main lines to enter fully into the path of democratic progress. From every point of view the University of Louvain has had, both for them and for the whole country, a degree of usefulness which cannot be sufficiently valued. Founded on the principle of free teaching, it has always and fully upheld ideas of liberty in the young minds it was educating. Open, like every other great modern university, to the most extensive scientific research, it has placed the Catholic faith, to which it remains un-

swervingly loyal, in intimate relations with scientific thought. Three other universities have been formed by its side—the free university of Brussels and the State universities of Ghent and Liège. The four have practised a noble emulation in the path of progress; they have shared between them the education of our youth, which was, under the old regime, the monopoly of Louvain. But the elder university has retained the intellectual guidance of the religious life of the country. Without doubt it has imparted to this a great and salutary breadth of mind.

Numerous signs justify the expectation that Belgium on emerging from the present crisis will again witness that union of parties which founded the national life in 1830. In the common effort which will presently remake our country the four universities will, I hope, find their part enlarged. The disaster which has overtaken the oldest of them and struck down to the heart of its intellectual life, and fallen upon the memorials of its past, can have but one outcome: it will cause our scientific activities and our ideal life to be born again, enlarged and broadened.

True it is that during recent years the intensity of our industrial and economic effort has somewhat diminished the attention due to the pure preoccupations of the spirit. The days of poverty which await us will lead us back to these, through reactions a little hard but salutary in their essential effect. And the new rôle we shall have to take in the world will give to our thought more fulness and more courage.

At this point a great change must take place in our national consciousness. On the morrow of 1830 the powers which had roused us to independent life maternally endowed us with "perpetual neutrality." To this

neutrality, guaranteed by solemn signatures, we vowed to be faithful with a loyalty which was, no doubt, excessive. I well recall how from my earliest years I learned to contemplate this neutrality as the first condition of our national existence; it formed a dogma raised above the level of discussion, an obligation which formed part of our very existence.

Compelled to remain always neutral, we have taken scrupulous care to hold the balance of our affections even among all the Powers. Never have we taken sides in their quarrels; and last August our scruples would not allow us to summon any one of them to our aid before the effective violation of our territory had taken place. I do not here inquire whether these scruples, in restraining us from preventive action, did not greatly encourage and facilitate the German invasion. What concerns me is their consequences from the point of view of the public mind. Unconscious of the right to take a definite attitude in international life, we became habituated to taking no interest in it, and that in no small measure has contracted our minds and confined our ideas and our dreams within the narrow limits of our own frontiers. It was only with difficulty that Leopold II. succeeded in engaging us upon a colonial enterprise. Our industry, our literary and scientific activity, had no doubt won some lustre in the world; but we lacked self-confidence, we felt we had no footing of equality among the other nations, and so we remained among them not unlike a child in the company of great personages.

What our geographical frontiers will be to-morrow I know not. But I do know that our moral position in the world will henceforth be other than it was. In the most terrible crisis of history we have suddenly found ourselves confronted by a duty which we

little expected. Yet, nourished as it was in reverence for right, the nation understood without a moment's hesitation, and as one man, that this duty was sacred, and instantly grappled it with all the energy of its loyal and believing soul. In presence of brutal aggression the old instinct of freedom asserted itself with the energy of other days, and Belgium, hardly herself perceiving what had happened, was plunged into a world-war for right and for liberty. She it is who personifies this cause, and to her has fallen the honor of suffering martyrdom on its behalf. She lies wounded, panting, but fighting on. All the nations bend over her and surround her with their love and veneration. To-morrow, when Force shall have yielded to Justice, Belgium will cherish the right to speak and to act in the new world which is coming to the birth. With a broadened national consciousness all we Belgians feel that it is so; and we are ready to raise our mind to the height of a loftier part.

Doubtless our prudence restrains us from all immoderate dreaming. The danger is lest it confine us within limits too modest. It is too soon to dismiss prudence; the possibilities of the future are not yet revealed, and no man can divine with certainty the roads that will open when the blood-stained veil shall be lifted behind which the future is being prepared. And yet no task will exceed the forces of our national energy. Twenty times in the course of history Belgium has been the battlefield of Europe. Twenty times Belgium has rebuilt her ruined cities and found a new prosperity. Since she was left to herself she has created laws that are sane, rational, and progressive, she has combined traditional faith and liberty, she has founded order on respect for right, and she has succeeded in winning profound happiness. The hour has struck

for her to establish her independence for ever on a force which inspires respect. In the Europe which is to be it

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will be hers to extend the reign of Faith, Justice, and Freedom.

L. Noël.

Oxford, Dec. 1914.

THE POMANDERS.

BY ARTHUR FETTERLESS.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE WORKS OF STURDY.

John Pomander and his wife, Mary and Jock went to Canada, but Bessie and Eva remained in Scotland. Bessie went to reside with an aunt, while Eva exercised her talents by becoming for a time what she called a "goo." That I believe is a governess of some kind. In her case she was in charge of the education of a young gentleman eight or nine years of age who belonged to one of the county families.

I remember that Foddles displayed extraordinary bitterness about that. Why, I did not understand, because if he had accepted his position in the world as a finally rejected suitor, then it was clearly no business of his. All the same he took business with the matter to the extent of complaining bitterly to me. Of course Foddles never had any sense of the dignity of labor, nor do I think he ever cared anything about the rights or independence of women. When I endeavored to reason with him on such matters he was frankly unreasonable. He said that talk about the dignity of labor was all confounded twaddle, and that for girls to go about being governesses and such like just did them harm. They should stay at home and learn cooking and then get married. What every sensible woman wanted was a good husband.

Of course, being a man myself, I agreed that a good husband when available was a thing which ought to satisfy, but I pointed out that Eva

scarcely seemed to regard him in that light.

Foddles was much displeased. I think he contemplated writing Eva a sharp letter denouncing her conduct and calling upon her to repent and amend and become Mrs. Foddles. But he did not do it. I fancy Eva must have snapped him pretty severely before, and he scarcely liked to risk another rebuff. He knew as well as I did that the Pomanders were not the kind to avoid the hard things of the world in exchange for surrender of their pride, and that poverty in a matter of that sort would make no difference. They would go to starvation before surrendering.

Poor old Foddles! I am afraid I annoyed him in these days. He used to say that my philosophy was all rot. Of course that may be. As a philosophic person I am almost bound to admit that there is no certainty in human knowledge, but, at the same time, I never descended to the depth of reading "The Worst Woman in London." (Ha, ha, Foddles, I got you there!) Much to my amusement, I discovered Foddles about that time reading a novelette with that delightful title. He protested it had come in as an advertisement, and he had just picked it up, but, of course, I knew he had bought it in the hope of finding some light on the character and actions of women in general.

Such were some of the immediate consequences of the break-up of the Pomander home, and with these conse-

quences I lost touch with the family for nearly two years. Those who were in Canada, I suppose, left it to Bessie or Eva to keep us informed. Eva, I fancy, left it to Bessie; and Bessie was probably too proud to seem in any way to trouble me, so that she only wrote twice or thrice in all. When she did write her letters were not highly informative. About herself she said little or nothing; about those in Canada she was more communicative, and I learnt that a farm had been acquired in the West, and that her father was toiling away to retrieve the family fortunes.

I also heard occasionally from Sturdy, who, I believe, had full reports of their doings.

From the information which I obtained from these two sources the record of the family at home and abroad for these two years may be summed up in a very few simple words—they were two years of plain hard work courageously faced.

At the end of that time certain other events began to happen which were destined to affect the family to a considerable extent.

The first intimation that I had was from Sturdy. He sent me the longest letter which I had had from him for many a day, giving much information about the family and various matters in which I was interested. But the important part of the letter was at the end of it, where he suggested that if I had any loose cash about and were inclined to invest it in an unremunerative undertaking I might do worse than take a few thousand Boulangos shares on my own account. The shares now stood in the market at half-a-crown per share. Sturdy along with his letter enclosed a report on the Company's affairs issued by a little-known financial paper, which suggested the shares as an uncertain speculative risk, but at the price perhaps worth a trial. On

such hesitating and unreliable advice I confess I was surprised to find William Sturdy make such a suggestion. But the most peculiar part of his letter was a statement at the end of it that if I happened to make a purchase it might possibly be of assistance in the long run. What that meant I did not then know, but it seemed to me that there must be something behind it, and that probably it was Sturdy's cautious Scotch way of advising a good thing.

In that view I spoke to Foddles on the telephone, and instructed him to purchase five thousand Boulangos shares. To my surprise Foddles did not tell me, as I had expected, that I was a lunatic, but enquired if I had got a "tip." I said I had no tip, but from some mutterings on the telephone, which I did not hear very distinctly, I gathered that he considered that I was a "dark horse." In answer to that, I told him that Sturdy was the man who had suggested the purchase, whereupon Foddles said that he would take a few himself on chance. Later in the afternoon he telephoned me that he had done my business at two-and-ninepence, having been unable to purchase at two-and-sixpence. He said that nobody seemed to know why, but the shares were rising every minute, and while he was speaking they were being sold at five shillings.

I wrote to Sturdy the same day and informed him that I had acquired five thousand shares, and that Foddles thought I should sell if they rose another shilling or two. I received from Sturdy two days later a very non-committal sort of reply, in which he indicated that I might sell if I chose, but that he disapproved of gambling, and had suggested the shares as an investment.

That reply had the effect upon me of what boxers call a "knock-out" blow. It was so unexpected. Lessons in

morality from a Scotch lawyer! What next, I wondered?

The day after my purchase the shares rose still further, and by the end of the week were standing about eight shillings. On that happening, Foddles informed me that he had sold his holding. A fortnight later the shares had fallen to four shillings. The whole thing had fizzled out.

Then Foddles laughed at me and said, "I told you so." But I thought I could not do better than take up a superior attitude. So I replied that I did not approve of gambling, and had bought the shares as an investment—a statement which moved Foddles to extreme mirth.

About a month later I received the third annual report of the company, and a more mournful and unhappy record of the proceedings of a commercial company could scarcely have been written.

There seemed to be no phase of their work which had not been blighted by some unexpected cause. The manager had taken ill with fever during the year; the sub-manager had been bitten by a snake; the machinery had developed certain unexpected defects; while the results of recent workings had been regrettably poor. It was indicated in the last paragraph that the machinery had been repaired, and a general sombre hope of better things was held out.

Upon the report the shares fell still further in price, and Foddles made kindly enquiries after my investments every time he met me.

Altogether the outlook was not hopeful. That being so, I determined to attend the annual general meeting of shareholders.

I arrived late, and when I entered the hall where the meeting was being held, found it already packed with shareholders. As the capital of the company was large, and there were

many shareholders, I was not surprised at that, but a thing which did surprise me was that I recognized the back of the head of William Sturdy. He was seated well to the front of the hall. I wondered why he had troubled to come all the way from Scotland.

As the chairman was speaking, I was left no time to speculate, but directed my attention to his remarks.

The chairman was Lord Jugglesant, and I must say he filled the post admirably. It is undoubtedly a sound instinct which induces company promoters to select lords of aristocratic speech and imperial manner to fill the breach when times of difficulty arise. Ordinary directors will do at other times, but for calm intrepid handling of the losses sustained by other people, I am sure that no one can equal an efficient peer. There is something so unruffled about them.

On this occasion Lord Jugglesant performed his task, I am sure, to the admiration of all.

He stated in the most calmly informative manner that the company had sustained a considerable loss upon the year's working. From the way in which he said it, one might have supposed that the fact was satisfactory. He made a few remarks upon machinery and management, and the difficulties with which the company had to contend, and he eulogized the services of certain of the directors and of the managers and staff, without which services the results would certainly have been much worse. He wound up by saying that there seemed reasonable ground for supposing that sometime in the "futshah," it might well be the near "futshah," better results would be obtained.

Having said all these things in a speech of about half an hour's duration, Lord Jugglesant sat down. The most of the shareholders, so far as I

could observe, seemed mournfully satisfied. I confess that I myself had a vague feeling that all had been done that could be done, and that our interests were as safe as human wisdom could make them, when watched over by the serene omniscience of Lord Jugglesant.

Not so William Sturdy.

He rose to ask questions.

Up to that time the meeting had been as quiet and orderly as any meeting could be. But before Sturdy had been long at work it began to be very much the reverse.

I do not recollect what Sturdy's questions exactly were. They were mostly technical, and appeared to me to reveal a surprising amount of knowledge.

The chairman apparently had considerable difficulty in answering them, and referred from time to time to a fellow-director sitting on the platform. Soon the work of answering was taken up by the fellow-director, who, it appeared, was the managing director, and his answers were neither informative nor conciliatory.

That, however, did not daunt Sturdy in the least. He continued to press, and as the replies he received were so unsatisfactory the meeting quickly became animated. Shouts began to be heard from different parts of the hall. "Answer the question! Who broke the machinery? What about the prospectus? Shame!" and other like cries were soon being uttered all over the hall. Loud private arguments between individuals were also going on in different parts, while the questions by Sturdy had developed into a heated altercation between himself and the managing director. I could not make out what was being said, but clearly Sturdy's remarks were far from pleasing to the board.

At that point Lord Jugglesant again

intervened, and his rising secured a momentary lull. "If this gentleman," he said very fiercely, "has anything to charge the directors with, let him bring his charges in a definite manner, and not indulge in vague insinuations. I appeal to the meeting."

At this there was great cheering and booing. Above the uproar I could see the form of Sturdy, his arm upraised, waving certain papers and apparently addressing the meeting. "Will bring my charges . . . proper time . . . gross mismanagement, . . ." were among the words of defiance which fell to my ears.

I do not know what further might have happened, but the board eventually retired amid booing, and the meeting thereafter dispersed.

That night the bills of some of the evening papers were black with great type which read, "Stormy Boulangos Meeting."

Within the papers the name of William Sturdy was figuring in many paragraphs.

CHAPTER XXIII.

INDIGNATION.

That the end of the matter had not been reached was very evident from the state of William Sturdy when I met him after the meeting. I had seen him contemptuous or mildly incensed at times, especially at any mention of the Miggars, but I had never seen him really angry. But on this occasion he was thoroughly roused. His contest with the directors and the treatment he had received had stirred his blood, and his attitude reminded me strongly of a scriptural phrase. He was literally breathing forth threatenings and slaughter.

He was not over coherent, and the language was Scotch and English, with certain flowery additions common to both.

He came towards me surrounded

by a number of shareholders, whom he seemed partly anxious to be rid of and partly anxious to incite. They were all talking to him at once in excited fashion. "Aye . . . at the next meeting . . . ye'll all be there . . . case for enquiry, anyhow . . . committee of shareholders . . ." These and other phrases reached my ear among the general clash. Finally, "We'll all hang together, for it's quite certain if we don't we'll hang separately."

With that last remark he apparently achieved some measure of agreement with his auditors, and then he turned to me. At the time he did so his face was red with the exertion of speaking and with the effervescence of his wrath. He was glowing with indignation.

He shook my hand in a fierce way, and wasted no time on formal preliminaries. "Ye still hold your shares?" was his first enquiry.

I acquiesced.

"Good," he said; "I'll need your help. There are some of those I arranged with went and sold when the shares rose a couple of shillings, and I'm no sure if I've got enough support to carry my resolution against the board; but I think to-day's meeting'll do the needful."

"Where are you going?" he said abruptly.

I said I was going to my rooms.

"I'll go with you," he said. It was characteristic of him to invite himself in that fashion, but I always enjoyed these unusual methods of his.

He took off his hat, I suppose because the day was hot and he was panting with exertion. "Is it far?" he enquired.

I negatived that suggestion. "We might ha' taken one o' thae vehicles," he remarked by way of explanation. Then he turned again to business.

"The damn scoundrels," he said;

"I wasna just absolutely sure o' my ground until the meeting, but now I'm certain. If they had met me with open answers and dealt fair with the thing I would have doubted. I would have hesitated, because in a way it's a deevil of a risk for an out-of-the-way country body of a solicitor to be calling all thae big bugs to order."

At this point his thoughts were diverted to myself. "I thought of asking you to take on the business," he said informatively; "but although ye're a very nice man" (I bowed my acknowledgments) "I was just dootin' if ye had got the fightin' bile necessary for a job o' that kind. Ye're so gentle like."

Needless to say I at once cordially agreed that I had not the fighting qualities.

Sturdy nodded. "That's what I feared," he said. "Ye wouldna like the job. Well, having taken it on myself to-day's work satisfies me that they havena a clean book. Did ever you see a more shivery, shaky, convicted-criminal-like managing director than that cratur who was prompting Lord Jugglesant?"

About that point of the conversation we arrived at my rooms and talk was interrupted by our entry.

Inside, Sturdy resumed where he broke off. "I'm no so sure of Jugglesant," he said. "Maybe he's no in the game, but I'm certain o' the other. Perhaps he's responsible for it all."

"What is the game?" I enquired.

"Aye, ye may well ask," he answered. "Ye'll have been wondering why I suggested to you to buy the shares and all that; and in truth I wasna very sure about the advice, but ye would notice it wasna very strong."

"I noticed that," I said.

"Aye," he responded; "but I had to get as much support as I could, and I thought ye would maybe stretch

a point, especially as ye might be givin' a sidelong help to the Pomanders.

"In that view I wrote you, and now I'll explain."

After that, I remember, Sturdy paused quite a long time while I waited. With the caution which was his most conspicuous characteristic, I suppose he was considering how much or how little he should communicate. When he did speak it was with some solemnity, and his narrative was interrupted by several reflective pauses.

"Ye'll maybe be surprised to hear it, Mr. Kerrendel," he said, "but I was once in Mexico mysel'. . . . It was a wilder place then than it is now, but I was young and maybe a wee thing wild mysel'."

I am afraid I smiled slightly at that point. Sturdy looked so little like wildness. I suppose he interpreted my thoughts.

"I'm glad ye think I've no signs of wildness noo," he said, "for I'm never over glad to refer to these days. Besides, it unsettles the minds of the young folk, and I sometimes blame myself for Mackairn's going. He was in Mexico too, and I think he went there because he had heard of it through me.

"But he was younger than I when he went out, and wilder too. . . . One result of that was that he didna stay long in the country, for he got into a deevil of a scrape of some kind —about a woman, of course—and that business stuck to him for the rest of his life."

Sturdy sighed. "I'm telling this to you only, Mr. Kerrendel," he said, "because I ken ye hae discretion."

I bowed.

"When it fell into my hands to investigate some of his affairs after his death," he continued, "I found a number of letters from the lady, from which it appeared that considerable

sums of money had been going out to Mexico to keep her there. Mr. Kerrendel," he leaned forward and spoke almost in a whisper, "I took the liberty of destroying all these letters, also a photograph, without saying a word to any one about it. It might have annoyed the Pomanders even more if they had been found, and I thought they had had quite enough trouble without fash o' that sort."

"You acted excellently," I said.

He stared at me reflectively. "I'm glad ye agree," he said, "because I had some doubts. If she was his wife she had some rights; if she wasna—" He shrugged his shoulders. "The fact that the succession was a bankruptcy decided me," he said.

"Well, that partly explains why Mackairn was always in such a desperate hurry to make money. But the fact that he was in Mexico also explains how he came to hear of the Boulangos Soarantie Mines, and it further explains how I came to think it worth while to hold on to these shares."

I nodded, waiting patiently till Sturdy would unfold the whole matter at his own time.

"Mr. Kerrendel, I searched his papers diligently, but I could find not one word about the Boulangos Mines. When I asked you to take over the shares for the Pomanders I had nothing but a vague hope. I remembered from my own knowledge of the country that the district in which the mines were situated was a good one. That was all the information I had, and mighty poor at that."

He stared at me again. I think Sturdy occasionally had doubts of my sanity. He allowed some of his thoughts to escape in a manner highly complimentary to me—that is, accepting them as Scotch compliments, which are often a trifle double-edged.

"Man, but ye're a good-natured chiel," he said. "I don't know any one else who would act quite like ye."

"I am of a philosophic disposition," I said.

"Ma word, ye are that," he said. "I dinna altogether ken what to make o' ye either in money, or law, or wi' the lasses, or anyway."

I smiled I suppose.

"Well, ye put your money into that business with a mighty poor chance of ever getting it out again."

He looked at me defiantly as if he expected he might be denounced, but his statement did not move me, because I am indifferent to money so long as I have enough of it.

"However," he resumed, "I took the opportunity of cabling to an engineer in Mexico whom I happen to know. He went to the district, made all the enquiries he could, and visited the mines. I have here his report, Mr. Kerrendel."

At that Sturdy drew out of his pocket a writing closely written on thin paper. "It's a very precious document," he said, "because the engineer had the greatest difficulty in visiting the mines, and only succeeded by disguising himself as a workman taking the place of another supposed to be ill. And I happen to know, Mr. Kerrendel, that that director who was so mighty shaky to-day has been cabling out 'damnation' to the local manager for allowing any stranger to visit the mines. Of course, he didn't allow him.

"I'll just read you the report."

Thereupon Sturdy read through the report of the engineer. It is needless to include it here. The substance of it was that it charged the managers with deliberate mismanagement of the mines, with tampering with the machinery, and with working where no silver could be got. On the other hand, it affirmed that beyond question there were large deposits of silver if the

workmen were directed in the proper manner.

When he had finished reading, Sturdy glanced at me. "That is my authority," he said, "and I think today's meeting confirms it."

In the light of the report I entirely agreed with him that the managing director at least knew more than he chose to say. What Lord Jugglesant knew was more problematical.

"The question is," said Sturdy, "what line we are to take. If I were to produce this report, they would question its genuineness, and enquire how I got it. And it's perhaps for various reasons not very convenient to say how. On the other hand, we're bound to charge them with something, or we'll get nothing. The position then being one of some difficulty, it seems to me to be advisable not to be too definite, but to found upon the losses of the company, refer to the prospectus and the hopes it held out, and to enrage the shareholders by speaking generally about mismanagement without suggesting anything criminal. Charge nobody in particular while charging the whole board in general with mismanagement. If we can prove later that the scoundrels have been deliberately retarding the mines, so much the better. But in the meantime all we can get is a committee of enquiry. If we can get that we'll do."

"Right," I said.

"We mightn't even get enough votes to carry our committee of enquiry, but I've been doing a bit of spade-work before this, and I think we'll carry it whatever they say."

"I will do what I can, through Foddes and others," I said.

Sturdy nodded. "It'll all be needed," he said. "I think they should appoint me to be one of the committee of shareholders," he added. "I've been thinking I would like to have a trip once again to Mexico, and this would

be a chance for me. Three months would do it all, and I ken the country, which would be one advantage."

At that point he paused. When he resumed it was in quieter tones. "At the same time I think I would take the risk o' seeing that lady o' MacKairn's. . . . I got a letter through the Post-Office not long back addressed to Mackairn. It maybe wasna very legal either, but the local postmistress handed it over to me as I had been dealing with his affairs. . . . It turned out to be from the Mexican lady, and indicated somewhat definitely that she might come over on a visit if money was not forthcoming. So it might be as well to see her, if ye thought a Scotch solicitor could convince—ahem—a lady of that kind?"

I at once heartily agreed that a Scotch solicitor called Sturdy was the man to convince her.

"It's a kind o' ticklish job," he said, "and I dinna exactly fancy it. But I wouldna like to write, and it would be uncommon nasty if she did come over."

"You're the man to persuade her," I answered with conviction. "There's nothing a Scotch country body of a solicitor can't do."

Despite my enthusiasm, I scarcely think Sturdy liked my answer.

But when one comes to think of it, Sturdy was really a remarkable man.

(*To be continued.*)

PUBLIC SCHOOLS IN WAR-TIME.

It is very difficult to remember quite what a Public School was like before the War; I recollect vaguely the nourishing of a grievance against a system which did not appear to encourage the love of learning for its own sake, which set a value on games which they did not deserve, which

After all he was, as he said himself, only a Scotch country solicitor, and yet he had, to my knowledge, dabbled successfully in numerous fields. And his lode-star sometimes seemed to be just a sense of duty. Nothing could be higher than the consideration which he had shown for the Pomaners in his desire to spare them from the possible annoyance of the appearance of the Mexican lady.

About a month later there was another meeting of the Boulangos Company, at which, by Sturdy's request, I had the honor of seconding his resolution. He was kind enough to say that my standing as a barrister and my philosophic manner would lend weight to his resolution.

Despite his compliments I am not sure that my manner was philosophic. The directors were irritating and brazen enough, and even my cool blood was stirred to some extent. I was up against injustice, and I am inclined to think I made something of a fighting speech. Sturdy certainly did.

Anyhow, with the wrath of the shareholders behind us, we carried the resolution, and Sturdy and three other business men were appointed as a committee of shareholders to enquire into the management of the mines.

turned out men all cast in the same mould, incapable of descending into the depths or of ascending the heights, despisers of poetry, worshippers of a strange god called Convention, in whose decalogue judgment was pronounced on all who failed to turn up the bottom part of their trousers or

fastened the last button of their waistcoats, or were enthusiastic about the things that matter, or were callous concerning the things that matter not; a system which was encumbered about with so much attention to detail and routine that no place was left for original thought or for that emotion which, "recollected in tranquillity" and distilled into the very essence of our being, makes for an appreciation of all that is noble and an aversion from all that is base, sordid, and transient.

"When I have borne in memory what has tamed

Great nations, how ennobling thoughts depart

When men change swords for ledgers, and desert

The student's bower for gold, some fears unnamed

I had, my country—am I to be blamed?

Now, when I think of thee, and what thou art,

Verily, in the bottom of my heart, Of those unfilial fears I am ashamed. For dearly must we prize thee; we who find

In thee a bulwark for the cause of men;

And I by my affection was beguiled: What wonder if an Usher now and then,

Among the many movements of his mind,

Felt for thee as a lover or a child!"

I regret having to ruin Wordsworth by misquotation, but I cannot otherwise quite express my change of position. For five years, "beguiled by my affection," in common with a horde of critics from the outside, I from the inside have inveighed against the mistaken ideals and futile results of the Public School system.

"Now, when I think of thee, and what thou art,

Verily, in the bottom of my heart, Of those unfilial fears I am ashamed."

That there are compensations in war

for all the horror and blasphemous waste we know; not least among these compensations is the changed outlook of the Public School.

I can just recall that evening at the end of the summer term (it seems almost in another life) when we lay under the shade of the elms in the corner of the cricket-field, lazily following the last overs of the Old Boys' match, oppressed by no cares except those of losing many friends, boys but a moment ago, now men. Slightly sentimental, as is natural at the end of a school year, we found ourselves living over again episodes in the earlier life of these giants as they strolled past, arm-in-arm; giants today, but new boys again to-morrow . . . to-morrow, the ache of parting over, away for Scotland, for Ben Lawers; the scent of heather is already assailing us when a cheer brings us back to the present; the winning hit! The match is over.

"To-morrow" came, but with it none of that gladness, none even of that sorrow, only pain. Bed, doctors, a sense of being swiftly carried to the nursing home, chloroform, with its sweetness and concomitant buzzing as of a noisy motor-bicycle, a long, black sleep and a quaint awakening ("My appendix, out? Good Lord! When?") followed by more sleep, deadly sickness, and weeks of convalescence. And in the middle of it, WAR. It was so hard to understand at first; it all seemed a part of my illness; I shall never be able really to dissociate them; but the truth was brought home to me for the first time when the Dorset Yeomanry bivouacked in the field opposite my bedroom window. Followed the ever-recurring thought, "What about next term? Will there be a next term?" Apparently this question was universally asked, for Headmasters assured the country through *The Times* that we really should re-

assemble. All the officers in the O.T.C. then endeavored to get out to the Front, but the War Office, after keeping them on tenterhooks for weeks, told them that their duty rather lay in training the younger generation to become efficient. So all except those who were not willing to accept this as final were reluctantly compelled to return. Every day the *London Gazette* contained more names of masters and boys who in normal times would have come back. . . . Somehow the holidays passed and we were all again at work, but with what a difference! Instead of the few whom we expected to find, the school had increased in numbers; instead of the disorganized system, devoid of responsible prefects and good masters, we found the machine running more smoothly, as if some magic oil, some unseen power was at work. Where before there had been discord there was now peace. Instead of narrowing his outlook to that of the form, house, or clique to which he belonged, each boy now began to grasp that he formed an integral part of that mighty heart, that England, the very name of which in these days causes heads to be held more erect, and the blood to throb more violently in the veins. All the flimsy trappings which we had mistaken for the fundamental were stripped from life ruthlessly; at last, by the Aristotelian agencies of terror and pity our emotions were purged. No more of the sentimentalist with his vapid, lazy longings, no more of the philanderer playing with life. "To Arms! to Arms!" became the cry. Games subsided into a secondary, even tertiary, place, for our energies were all turned to work and to the Corps.

Uniforms are always worn by every officer; there is scarcely a master not drilling, from the organist to the newly-fledged graduate from Magdalen

in the ranks; platoon parades have taken the place of detention from 12.30 to 1.15 daily. On Wednesdays and Fridays company and battalion parades are held throughout the afternoon; boys of all ages may be seen signalling and distance-judging everywhere; some even go down to the orchard to signal the day's news (which the recipients probably know beforehand) to the wounded soldiers in the Sanatorium; range-finding and exercises with the compass occupy the spare time of others; entrenching and bridge-building delight the hearts of the mechanically inclined, while hours are given up in school to lectures on outposts, advanced-guards, and musketry. Whereas in time past most of us had been apt to grumble at the time spent on ceremonial drill, even those Houses most notorious for their anti-corps tradition (every Public School has one, at least, of these) "grouse" no more, but strive to excel so that their platoon shall cease to be a by-word. As we swing through the streets to the tune of "Tipperary" on the fifes of the band, lips are compressed, shoulders thrown back, and an obvious shiver of pride seizes each man as he passes the convalescent Scots Guards who come out to watch and note with approval the martial ardor of these youngsters. The Yeomanry, our local opponents, act as a stimulus to make us march better than they do; every rifle is rigidly held at the angle required, every little detail that can lend an added smartness to our general bearing is assiduously studied. Once on a route march through the dust and heat of a late September day, cresting a hill on the return journey after an arduous afternoon, we saw a hospital train speeding by in the valley below. As if by magic, the medley of songs, "Green grow the Rushes, O," the "Carmen," "John Brown's Body," all of which

are sung together as a matter of course, stopped instantaneously; a tremor ran down the ranks; so it wasn't all honor and glory, it wasn't only getting hot and dusty in a peaceful Wessex lane; there was another side too easily forgotten. The sudden tense silence was a greater tribute to the wounded soldiers than any mighty cheer would have been. The episode was quickly over and soon the songs again rent the air, louder than ever, but the lesson had gone home; few who saw it will ever forget their initiation into the hideous side of war just in the most beautiful time of the year, when the colors on the trees made your heart ache with joy, in the most beautiful, most peaceful part of the day when the sun was sinking and the wind had fallen.

But we are getting more used to these things now; by familiarity our senses are become dulled. We see wounded men daily. Each House visits them in batches of eight, at half-hour intervals, a privilege not lightly to be despised. The boy learns of the life and outlook of the men over whom he will soon take command, the soldier gets an insight into the training that goes to make his officer the man he loves.

Old Boys, as soon as they are well enough, come to revisit us, unduly modest, hardly understanding the hero-worship accorded to them, boys many of them who, while they were at school, acquired fame neither in games nor in work, left as nonentities to return as gods. On Sundays you find your thoughts straying to that dim recess in the North Transept where there are always gathered one or two of these, sleek, clean, young; and yet with it all you suddenly remember with horror, these men have faced death not once, nor twice already;—no, not with horror, with pride, for they have faced it willingly

and for the highest reason man can have.

But the most inspiring feature of our corps-work is the field-day, which occurs with increasing frequence. General schemes and special ideas are spread broadcast the day before, so different from formerly, when you finished the operation, ignorant and careless of what it was all about. Now knots of boys gather in the cloisters discussing their plans or arguing imminently about the result. Imagination is evoked and they play the game as if it were the real thing; at any moment for so many it will become so. The excitement of lying in ambush for, or of outflanking, a temporary enemy considered inviolable is realistic enough to stir even the most obtuse. Umpires are not popular. Heretofore you made no demur at being put out of action; you could slack for the rest of the day with impunity; whereas now you hotly resent it, and are inclined to argue when an officious voice suddenly prevents your crossing a field in full view of the enemy in order to get to grips with them more quickly. To be told to consider yourself dead when you are feeling specially energetic and alive is an insult not easily forgiven.

But even field-days do not exhaust our resources. Our latest craze is a succession of night operations, the most popular and useful of all our manoeuvres. One such experiment is worth recounting in detail. Eighty of the hardest were chosen; twenty under the O.C. to depart for some unknown destination whence they would attempt to break through a cordon drawn up by the remainder on an arc of four miles frontage. It was a bitter night in November; I was in command of the right centre of the defence, a dark lane opening on to the main Bristol-Weymouth road, a haunt of highwaymen not a hundred years

ago. There was no moon, and it was freezing hard. Full of gaiety, we started down the well-lighted streets, quivering with excitement and anticipation. All too soon we had left the comfortable, warm-looking houses and were on the black impenetrable downs, stumbling at every step. When his turn came each patrol finally fell out and took up his lonely watch; at length I was left with but one man to place at four cross-roads on the most desolate part of the heath. Relinquishing him, left to my own devices, I first got into contact with the patrols of my left flank, who were a mile out of the way. I then spent an hour crowded with incident in testing my own scouts by vainly trying to evade their vigilance; I found them holding up infuriated motorists, cyclists, and wandering lovers who dared to penetrate the line; like Sarah Battle, they were all for the rigor of the game. On the return march each boy was hilarious at the news that the O.C. and three out of four groups were captured, and absolutely convinced that the fourth did not get through his beat. Cold and endurance, lonely vigils and night-terrors are quickly becoming things of no consequence to us. Or to take the case when it has been our turn to elude observation; what stories the next day of barbed-wire entanglements, of lying in ditches wet to the skin within a foot of the patrol, of breaking of hedges, of heart-breaking rushes across open ground, of inadvertent cracking of twigs which sounded like cannon on the still night air, of the sudden horror and disappointment of failure after falling into the enemy's snare, the snake-like crawl through woods and up the hedgerows, the awful moments of suspense after you have clattered across a hard road and are waiting to be challenged, the breathless excitement

as you draw nearer and nearer home, dog-tired, muddy, and wet with sweat and rain, but as yet still at large—all this and more like it fans the flame of enthusiasm and incidentally is teaching us many things which we ought to have known before. Boys are learning what Nature is, what darkness that can be felt means, what joy there is to be gained from real contact with field and wood in their most awe-inspiring mood; they are gaining experience as soldiers and as men to whom Nature will hereafter reveal herself in all her beauty.

From the foregoing descriptions you will be thinking that the school has been turned into a sort of training camp. We still work, not as of old, but infinitely more strenuously. As I said above, flimsy trappings lose their garish fascination; conversely, the excellence of genius has never been appreciated as it is at present. Homer and Virgil, Shakespeare and Milton, have each something pertinent to say about the present crisis; their appeal to all that is best in man is beginning to be understood even of boys; the Elizabethan zest, the patriotism of Faulconbridge, the courage of Hotspur, the soulful glory of Brutus, all strike a chord which finds an echoing response in the hearts of even the Middle School. Bernhardi has been read and scorned, the Oxford Pamphlets (used for *Précis*) have opened their eyes to the state of European politics since 1815, the White Paper has caused even Fourth Form boys to realize the magnitude of the struggle, the honor of the cause. In Geography it seems essential to know every spot on the globe in order to follow the fighting; it certainly requires an adequate knowledge of History to account for the war, and as for the study of English . . . well, patriotic fervor, if nothing else, would account for the interest in this, but there is something

else; boys, now that they have discarded the cheaper sort of magazine, are discovering how vastly entertaining the storehouse of our national literature is. I have in my form a boy who has read every novel of Jane Austen for pleasure this term; I should never have guessed that it would be war which would have driven a boy to read the works of that glorious woman. Even Mathematics seems to have gained from the reflected glory of military ardor. Map-drawing and Engineering have roused the dullest to some of the delights of a subject which hitherto they have looked on as lifeless and devoid of meaning. No longer has the pedagogue to resort to castigation or the horrible method of "writing-out." Punishment died a natural death with the birth of war; which is all the more remarkable because the old incentive of "Examinations to be passed" is done away; few boys in my form (the "Matriculation" class) will ever, so far as I can judge, take "Little-Go," or "Smalls" or the other University entrance examinations for which they are preparing. I started this term with twenty boys, of whom eleven have left me with commissions; of the remainder I expect not one will take his papers; yet all of them are working hard in order to qualify, an act of imagination which is little short of astounding. That is the Public School spirit of the Christmas Term 1914, and anything finer I cannot conceive. When the English schoolboy can bring himself to work without the stimulus of marks, the dread of punishment, or the reward of success in scholarship or other examination, when he begins to work simply for the sake of the work and because he recognizes that he is thus training himself in the best way to become of use to his country, he is doing what he has never done before, and he is doing a mighty fine thing.

LIVING AGE VOL. LXVI. 3407

I said a moment ago that punishment had died a natural death. That is not quite true. Some weeks ago I had to punish a boy for reading surreptitiously after finishing the test paper of the hour under the stipulated time. When he had repeated the seventy-five lines of "Paradise Lost" which I gave him to learn, out of idle curiosity I asked what book it was that he was in such a hurry to get back to. "Infantry Training, sir," was his reply.

But the same spirit is just as prevalent out of school as in. He plays his games with all his old fervor, even though there are no House-matches, no School-matches, no colors to be won, no honor to be gained. The social life in the Houses is far more corporate than it used to be; Common-room, from being the meeting-place of antagonists, where petty but vicious quarrels darkened the life of so many, has become the genial club where all are friends; the small dissensions, the clash of temperament on temperament, the ugly chasm that threatened between junior and senior, the spiteful scandal and ill-advised rumor, all have been relegated to the limbo of deservedly-forgotten things; all are now bound in a common cause; sorrow and anxiety for those who have gone, the right hand of fellowship for all who stay tend to make it, perhaps for the first time in its history, really a Common-room, where all congregate, where all are welcome. The new and the young are not suspected of disloyalty and arrogance, the old and seasoned are no longer regarded as effete, stereotyped, and futile.

Day after day boys leave us, our heart-strings wrung with pity at the thought of letting them go; week after week we join the Intercession Service that means more and more names to be added to the already overflowing list . . . but that is our part.

We who are left have a duty too, in some ways not the least difficult. In civilian clothes it is hard not to feel ashamed when we talk with our neighbor; in uniform we feel that we are masquerading as heroes when we fall in reality very far short of the heroic. We who are married, not very fit physically, burdened with many responsibilities, penniless but young, what is our duty in this crisis? Is it to carry on the education of the youth of this country, whom we love so much on this side idolatry, or is it to give up all and go out to fight? Our elders, we feel sometimes, would have us gone; it is hard to lay down a law, but there is no gainsaying the fact that we are extraordinarily humble in the presence of our friends, extraordinarily crest-fallen and restless when we meet old boys in khaki careless and free from responsibility, having chosen the better part. But Public Schools must have men to run them; women, so useful in all other professions, could scarcely succeed here; youth must be served with energy, sympathy, and patience, which can only come from a thorough understanding of their point of view; there may come a time when our way is made clear by a direct demand from the War Office; in the meanwhile we can do little but obey their orders and "carry on."

It may be thought that in all this panegyric of our changed conditions I have been blind to many of the old faults which must have crept in, despite the cleansing properties of war. That there are boys who have not altered at all I know; isolated cases occur to me at once of younger boys and veteran "aliens" to whom the Corps is still a "silly rag"; who are inattentive and inclined to giggle in chapel, who do no more work than the minimum required to escape more, who bully and cheat and lie and do

worse things. I do not pretend that the Public Schools are perfect; I am neither so blind nor so big a fool; even a war has not entirely purged our nature and renewed our being; what I do assert is that a huge upheaval in outlook and effort (effort which, alas! so often fails) has already been caused; and just as, we are told, in the Antarctic Expedition of Captain Scott, many books were taken out for their leisure hours, but only great ones, definite masterpieces, could be read when it came to it, owing to the fact that everything ephemeral ceased to satisfy when they were at the bed-rock of life, so now, when we as a nation are face to face with realities, we are not to be put off with shams and insincerities; we demand great literature, great thoughts, high ideals.

"War does make a difference, Davy," to misquote once more; people still do stupid, thoughtless things, but they are infinitesimal compared with the silly things which they did a bare six months ago.

Boys are beginning to appreciate beauty and truth: the autumn tints, the moon riding across the heavens, the rain beating on the pane of the lighted cottage window at eventide. Nature in all her moods is making an appeal to which they used to be deaf and dumb and blind; but now they both see and hear, and even sometimes write down with honesty and true feeling the effect that this discovery has made upon them.

There have been times in the lives of most of us when, dispirited and heavy of soul, we have declaimed against the age in which we live. "Oh for a taste of the glories of Elizabeth!" we prayed; "that we might be taken back, if only for a day, to the time when England was in the making; when the glory and freshness of the world were felt by every

human being; when there was a tangible enemy to fight, a foe that kept our weapons bright and our wit untarnished."

Well—that time has come again. England is in the throes of another birth-pang, she is undergoing the travail essential to her second Renaissance, and lucky are we to live in an age on which all succeeding generations will look back with envy and awe, of which men in future times will say one to another, "Oh that we had lived in the second decade of the twentieth century, when England was fighting for her life to keep herself

The Cornhill Magazine.

the great nation she so proudly claimed to be; that we could only have borne our part in that desperate strife to raise her to the heights which she then attained!"

Not the least lucky amongst us are those boys who are imbibing their knowledge of good and evil in these stirring days, for their outlook will be nobler, their ideals higher, their achievements greater than are ours, by reason of the Great War which so disturbed our balance and readjusted our point of view in the Christmas Term of 1914.

S. P. B. Mais.

BURNS.

The other day an intelligent London bookseller was lamenting that he scarcely ever sold a copy of Burns. He was too much a man of letters to be without one in his shop, but he showed as much surprise as pleasure at being asked for it. He evidently thought that neglect of Burns was another true bill against the illiterate Englishman, a crime wanton, stupid, and inexplicable.

Yet there is really nothing surprising in the matter at all. For the truth is that to the ordinary reading Englishman Burns is at least as difficult as Chaucer, and very nearly as foreign as Victor Hugo. In fact, more foreign for men and women who have received any fair secondary education. For such an education includes French and does not include Scots. The result is that it may safely be guessed that of the members of the London Library, for instance, five would be

able to read and completely understand any poem out of "Les Contemplations" or "Toute la Lyre" for one who would be perfectly at home with "Tam o' Shanter" or "The Jolly Beggars."

Of course it is true that the large majority of the population understand hardly a syllable of French, whereas at least half the words in Burns's famous song are words they know and use themselves. But that does not mean that they will read Burns. He is less absolutely out of their reach than Hugo, but for practical purposes both poets are in the same category so far as such readers are concerned. They cannot read either. If they read poetry at all, they will read pure English and will find more than enough unfamiliar words in that. This class then, or the bulk of it, can only provide exceptional individuals to the body of Burns's readers. And for the other and smaller class which has received a literary education it would generally be the case that at least two foreign languages would be more fa-

* "The Life of Robert Burns." By John Gibson Lockhart, D.C.L. Edited with Notes and Appendices by William Scott Douglas. And an Essay on Robert Burns by Sir Walter Raleigh. Two Volumes. (Liverpool : Young. 30s. net.)

miliar than the dialect of Burns. One such reader at any rate, who imagines himself to be at least as likely to know Scots as the average educated Englishman, has to confess that the hundred and eighty-five lines of "Death and Doctor Hornbook" contain some thirty or forty words at which he has to stop and consider, if not to resort to the glossary. In a French poem of similar length he would not expect to find half a dozen. There, unless his experience is exceptional, is the measure of the obstacle that stands in Burns's way, and the explanation of our bookseller's melancholy experience.

Burns, then, who more than any other British poet had the secret of the poetry that goes straight to the hearts of all men, can never be a popular poet outside Scotland. And possibly, a hundred years hence, even a Scotsman will have to be at some pains of study if he means to read "*The Jolly Beggars*." That is the last and heaviest part of the price the poet pays for the poverty and humble birth which so often embittered his life. No poet in all the world was ever a more absolute master of his native language. But the native language of Burns was a provincial dialect. All that could be done with it he did, but he could not make it one of the languages which all Europe reads. Genius itself could not do for him what the mere fact of birth does for every Frenchman or Englishman.

Yet Burns is incomparably the greatest poetic voice of a great and famous people. England has no poet so entirely English as Burns is Scotch. Perhaps the man who gives more of what is peculiarly English than anyone else is no poet at all, but a prose writer and talker, Samuel Johnson. And no prose writer can give what Burns gave. The greatest thing possessed by any nation is its

own rendering of the universal heart of man. For Scotland that found its perfect utterance in Burns. The Scotsman who is capable of enjoying poetry in the very smallest degree is sure to enjoy Burns. There is in London every winter a popular concert which is advertised as "A Night wi' Burns." No English poet has ever received exactly that proof of having reached the very heart of his people. Such a man is for his country the greatest of all poetic figures, and for all the world, in virtue of that fact and in despite of all the obstacles of dialect, a figure whom no lover of poetry can afford to ignore.

It is the glory, and sometimes the agony, of a classic to be re-edited by each generation. Burns cannot expect to escape the fate of his peers, and there have, of course, been many editions of his poems and many accounts of his life. Among the lives that by Lockhart has been generally recognized as the best. The present edition of it is a reprint of that edited by Mr. Scott Douglas in 1883; its only new features are an index and a number of good illustrations, chiefly portraits, and an *Essay on Burns* by Sir Walter Raleigh. Lockhart's book has been through many editions, and calls for no discussion. It is far from being the masterpiece which his "*Life of Scott*" has always been acknowledged to be, and contains much confused and slipshod writing, on which the *Quarterly Review* would have been justly severe in the case of any less august criminal than its editor. But it is full at once of knowledge, sympathy, and judgment; it came late enough to embody nearly all the important discoveries, and late enough to speak frankly about them; it is the work neither of a counsel for the prosecution nor of a counsel for the defence, but of an honest and kindly judge, with the British judge's leaning to

wards the prisoner; and for all these reasons it is not very likely to be superseded. Mr. Douglas contributed some notes and appendices. His long devotion to the study of everything connected with the life and work of Burns makes many of his contributions of great interest and value.

But the publishers can scarcely be congratulated on the way in which the book is now again presented to the public. The first volume is prefaced by a "Publisher's Note," which tells us that this edition follows the text of that published in the Bohn Library in 1883, but says nothing whatever about the Notes, which also, in fact, appeared in that edition. It is obvious that a clear statement should have been made stating what appears to be the case, that this edition reprints both Lockhart's own notes and those written for the 1883 edition by Mr. Scott Douglas, which are enclosed in square brackets. As it is, no reader can be sure whose note he is reading. And if he supposes, as he well may, after reading a title-page which describes the book as "edited with Notes and Appendices by William Scott Douglas and an Essay on Robert Burns by Sir Walter Raleigh," that the notes, like the essay, were written for this occasion, he will be puzzled by finding many of them out of date, as for instance, one which refers in the present tense to Frederick Locker, who died in 1895. A still more important obscurity, of which no explanation is given, is the meaning of the square brackets in which some passages of the text are enclosed. A reader may reasonably resent being forced to ask such questions and to find no answer, except by way of journeying to the British Museum and comparing the different editions. The two volumes, in type, in their illustrations, in their outward appearance, are worthy of becoming

the library edition of Lockhart. But nothing can be more alien to the spirit of a library than slovenliness of this sort.

The most important feature of the book is, of course, the introductory "Essay on Robert Burns" by Sir Walter Raleigh. He has a great deal that is admirable and suggestive to say, his newest point, perhaps, being his discussion of those difficult social relationships in which he sees the "core of the tragedy" of Burns's later life. He blames neither Burns nor his great friends; and, in fact, the tragedy, like all true tragedies, lay in the nature of things, in one of those conflicts of two rights whose only solution, undiscoverable in a world of practical prose, is of the sort not to be looked for except at the hands of poetry and faith. Burns was received by the aristocracy of Edinburgh, as Sir Walter Raleigh says, "on that footing of equality which is the only possible ground for happy social intercourse." Yet, as he adds, "there was no equality, and Burns knew it. He was afloat on a treacherous sea: the company that admired him stood on the land and drank his health, while he raised his glass and bowed his acknowledgments from his frail raft." This is true and finely said. In spite of all the glib phrase-making that has gone on from the days of the Stoics to our own, poverty has real disadvantages which are not to be got rid of by pretending that they do not exist. A man may get spiritually above them, as he may get spiritually above ill-health; but the victory of the spirit cannot alter the fact that poverty and ill-health alike deprive both body and mind of some activities that are good for them. To that no sophistries could blind a man so open-eyed as Burns. There lay one side of the tragedy; a side on which it was real enough in spite of the many mo-

ments, such as that recorded in "The Vision," in which we may see the pure essence of his spirit rising triumphant over matter and circumstance. But there was another side of the trouble on which it was not real at all, and where just for that reason his spirit showed not its strength but its weakness. He was angrily impatient at the social precedence given to rank and office, and would often break out into bitter defiance of the conventions which govern such matters. But as Sir Walter Raleigh says, "No man who matched himself against these conventions ever yet came off the victor." "No society in the world can afford to admit the claim" of the man who demands "these little things as a tribute to his personal merit. It was to escape the turmoil of such claims that society invented its rules."

This blindness to an obvious truth and necessity, this caring about a thing so petty, was perhaps the single one of his weaknesses of which Burns was not only too conscious. No man ever knew himself better, weakness and strength alike. As Sir Walter Raleigh says, "Nothing true can be said of him that has not already been said by himself." Poetry is first feeling and then expressing what is felt. Few men in all history have felt joy and sorrow, love and hope and despair, as Burns felt them; and scarcely half a dozen have equalled the directness of primal energy with which he could utter all he felt. The whole of his own puissant personality is in his verse. Where other poets smile he laughs out loud; where others gently sigh he floods his page with tears. Whatever his mood at the moment, he sweeps us with him in a tide of irresistible passion. There is nothing like his best work in what, for lack of an exacter word, we must call the English language. Matthew Arnold once spoke of the greatness of Byron

as consisting in the "splendid and imperishable excellence of his sincerity and strength." The phrase requires a great deal of explanation as applied to the most rhetorical of English poets. But transfer it to Burns and it states the exact and literal truth. He is everything by turns—saint and sinner, lover, poet, student, drunkard—and nothing long; his life is the plaything of chance, but whatever possesses him at the moment possesses him altogether. *Quod vult valde vult.* Loving, praying, drinking, he never fails to exhaust all the possibilities of the passing mood or hour. We all hate the toothache, but our hate seems a gentlemanly dislike beside the tremendous fury of Burns:—

Where'er that place be priests ca' hell,
Whence a' the tones o' mis'ry yell,
And rankèd plagues their numbers
tell,

In dreadfu' raw,
Thou, toothache, surely bear'st the
bell

Amang them a'!

Most of us have been happy enough to know something of the simple pieties, both human and divine, of home and family; but who has given them back to us as they are given in "The Cotter's Saturday Night"? In the last century or two we have nearly all learnt to have some kindly, half-condescending feeling for the birds and beasts, but how poor a thing it seems besides Burns's royal equality of sympathy:—
Wee, sleekit, cow'rln' tim'rous beastie,
O, what a panic's in thy breastie!
Thou need na start awa' sae hasty,

Wi' bickering brattle!

I wad be laith to rin an' chase thee

Wi' murdring pattle!

I'm truly sorry Man's dominion
Has broken Nature's social union,
An' justifies that ill opinion

Which makes thee startle
At me, thy poor earth-born companion,
An' fellow-mortal!

We all have some larger or smaller,

flowing or trickling, stream of love in us; but what are they to Burns's mighty river? How many tributaries went to swell it!

Wee image of my bonnie Betty,
I fatherly will kiss and daunt thee,
As dear an' near my heart I set thee
Wi' as guid will
As a' the priests had seen me get thee
That's out o' hell.

This is a long way off from—

I waive the quantum o' the sin,
The hazard of concealing;
But oh! it hardens a' within
And petrifies the feeling!

but there is no reason to think that either was more entirely sincere than the other. "Poets," as Sir Walter Raleigh says, "are discussed as if they were monsters, because they cannot help telling the truth"—and the truth about a human being is never a very consistent thing. However, that is in Burns's case a very old story, and one that loses interest every year. What gains in interest every year is the fact that all the voices of human love got freer utterance in Burns than in any poet who ever lived. Not finer, certainly—possibly not deeper—but certainly freer, more entirely natural, spontaneous, and sincere. And that is not more true of—

The sky was blue, the wind was still,
The moon was shining clearly;
I set her down wi' right good will
Amang the rigs o' barley.
I kent her heart was a' my ain;
I loved her most sincerely;
I kissed her owre and owre again
Amang the rigs o' barley—
or of—

The Times.

Green grow the rashes, O
Green grow the rashes, O
The sweetest hours that e'er I spend
Are spent amang the lasses, O!
or of that masterpiece, "Duncan
Gray," than it is of—
So fair art thou, my bonnie lass,
So deep in love am I;
And I will love thee still, my dear,
Till a' the seas gang dry;

Till a' the seas gang dry, my dear,
And the rocks melt wi' the sun
And I will love thee still, my dear;
While the sands o' life shall run;
or of—

Ye banks and braes o' bonnie Doon,
How can ye bloom sae fresh and
fair?

How can ye chant, ye little birds,
And I sae weary fu' o' care?

The sadness of love was every bit as real to Burns as its joy; and both were what they have seldom been in any other man. Perhaps indeed the one depends on the other: such grief could not have been, except as following after such abandonment of delight.

There is Burns; the man who gave to the essential and universal things of the human heart the freest and strongest utterance they have ever found in the language of this island. He is only accidentally an artist, and only occasionally and not very profoundly a thinker; his range is rather narrow and his attitude towards life a little primitive. But, within his own field, his words go straight from his heart to ours in unerring felicity, sincerity, and strength. In that field he is a master at whose feet all future masters must sit.

BY THE POWER OF WATER.

"Harry, my boy, you're drunk." The charge was irrefutable. Henry Barry, fourth Baron Santry in the

peerage of Ireland, was not only drunk, but rapidly becoming more so, which was the less surprising in that

his next neighbor at table, Sir John Ardagh, the same who had just twitted him on his condition, had been slyly introducing brandy into the many bumpers of claret which Lord Santry had tossed off, increasing the strength of the dose as his victim became less and less capable of detecting it. Not indeed that in the year 1737 there was anything remarkable in an Irish peer drinking himself into complete fuddlement in a common tavern such as the Blue Hoop at Palmerstown, a few miles from Dublin, where a company of choice spirits were at that moment gathered, bent upon making a night of it. Every thatched alehouse throughout Ireland possessed a store of good wine in those days, laid by for special occasions like the present, when it might please gentlemen to make merry beneath its roof. In the opinion of Lord Santry's friends and intimates, it was much more astonishing that it should be a full half-year since his young lordship, formerly the wildest blade of them all, had last reduced himself to that state. Wifely influence had caused this long-sustained sobriety, for some months previously Harry, to the wrath and consternation of his family, had eloped with pretty Ann Thornton, daughter of the rector of Finglas, the parish that adjoined his own.

"A girl without a penny or as much good blood in her veins as there's in the prick of a gooseberry thorn!" cried the Dowager, the fashionable and doting mother who had brought Harry up.

Even worse, however, was to follow, at least to his family's thinking, for when the errant and unrepentant young couple returned home, her new ladyship, so far from adopting the submissive attitude becoming to one thus suddenly elevated, showed herself to be possessed not only of a pair of eyes bright enough to steal any

young man's heart and reason away, but also of a very pretty spirit of her own, and she did not hesitate to utter sentiments which plainly betrayed her plebeian origin and upbringing. For instance, she declared that it was horrible to her that men should prefer a dozen glasses to eleven, as the saying was, and she absolutely refused to see that any man had legitimate cause for pride in being able to take off his gallon of claret without betraying it in his after demeanor by so much as the ruffling of a hair.

"A chit that drank small ale in a parsonage all her life to set herself up to say what gentlemen are to drink!" cried her scandalized mother-in-law.

The new Lady Santry went even further, for she averred unblushingly that one of the reasons why she abhorred the convivial customs of the society in which she found herself launched, was the frequent quarrels that took place when heady dispositions were flown with wine, and the duels that resulted therefrom. Valuable lives were lost for words spoken when neither disputant was well aware what he was saying, and her young ladyship did not hesitate to declare that, so far from regarding duelling as a chivalrous and gallant practice, she looked upon men who went out with the full intent of taking each other's lives by sword or pistol, as guilty of murder, wilful and deliberate.

"Egad, she'll make a poltroon of Harry and shame us all!" roared stout Sir Thomas Domville, the Dowager's brother, who had a dozen encounters at the least to his credit.

As for Harry himself, he saw with his wife's eyes and heard with her ears. His former allies and companions had predicted that he would break loose within a month and be back at his old pranks again, but the

months had gone by, and still the pretty idyll continued, and he and Ann dwelt in all contentment in his ancestral home of Santry, upon the great north road that runs away to the Boyne and the mountains of Mourne. He had been riding homewards in the dusk of the summer evening, his servant, Laughlin Murphy, behind him, when he had been espied by the roystering company who had just dismounted at the door of the Blue Hoop. With joyous shouts and halloos they had pounced upon their prey. Harry had been dragged from his saddle and carried, struggling and protesting, feet foremost within doors. Perhaps in his inmost heart, at sight of all those familiar faces, he had not been so sorry to be overpowered. As he was borne in through the door he had shouted over his shoulder to Laughlin to keep the horses walking, for he would be out again in half an hour. But once inside, planted down forcibly in a chair at the head of the table, with the old uproarious laughter and side-splitting sallies resounding through the room, and hands stretched out to welcome him back, all thought of Laughlin and the horses outside, and of the wife waiting for him at home, faded from Harry's mind as he drained tumbler after tumbler that was pressed upon him.

"What will my Lady Ann say when her paragon boy, her model of the virtues, comes back to her just a little unsteady on his pins—hey, Harry?" continued Ardagh, and he winked at the rest of the company.

"She's not Lady Ann, she's Lady Santry, my lawful, wedded wife," retorted the young fellow furiously, if a trifle thickly. "How dare you call her Lady Ann? There's no one will speak of her without respect—proper respect." He had some difficulty in framing the last words, but he glared

at the grinning faces round the table.

"Oh, for sure, Harry, we all know who she is," his tormentor went on. "It's a lady mistress that reigns at Santry nowadays, and not a lord and master."

"Have a care what you're about, Ardagh," muttered the man who sat next him, in his ear. "Santry's the very devil when he's roused."

Sir John, however, was not minded to be baulked of his sport.

"What will her ladyship say to you, Harry?" he went on mockingly. "Speak up, man, and give us a taste of her quality." Then standing up and drawling through his nose, he began, "Henry Barry, this is conduct which I will not permit. You have caroused with your wicked companions whom I bade you forsake. My word is law, sir, and—"

"Damn you, what do you mean?" Lord Santry had likewise sprung to his feet. He was livid with rage, but he had to grip the table with one hand to keep himself from lurching to and fro. He had just swallowed another tumbler, laced more strongly than any of its predecessors had been, and the effects were becoming apparent. "My word is law at Santry, and my word is law here. Silence, you gabbling idiots," he thundered, and his sword flashed in his hand. "The first man who says a word till I give leave, I'll run him through."

Just then there was a sudden, loud uproar out of doors, laughter, oaths, curses, the barking of dogs all intermingled, a clatter and crash, and then the galloping of horse-hoofs, dying away into the distance. Laughlin, or as he was more familiarly called, Lally Murphy, doggedly walking the horses up and down as he had been bidden, had been the butt of pleasantries which, if somewhat coarser, had not differed very much from those within the inn parlor. Poor dunder-

headed Lally, of whom it was said pityingly in the yard at Santry, "God help the crather, sure the whoule of him's not in it," could always be trusted to execute any order given him with doglike fidelity. He was devoted to the young master with whom he had grown up, and to that newcomer, her ladyship, who had ever a gracious word and smile for him.

"Yerra, man, give over," called out one of the numerous hangers-on lounging about. "Put them poor bastes in the shtable an' sot yerself down in the kitchen like a Chrissen. The shoes'll be trapezed off of yer feet before ye sot eyes on that young lord of yours."

"An' whin ye do it's not himself'll know where his horses is, nor which ind of them is heads or tails," put in another. "Small blame to the poor boy to be takin' his pleasure whin he's got shut of herself for wanst, him that was the tearin'est, tattherin'est divvle of them all, an' wud desthroy all before him if he tuk the notion. Don't I remember seein' him on the table in theer, thrampin' on the glasses, an' kickin' down the bottles, an' cursin' that it wud do yer heart good to hear him."

"Yis, faix," added yet a third, "an' he had Timsy here kilt dead puttin' him head first in the watherbutt for contradictin' him, whin he wud have it that the windy was the doore. More by token he gived Timsy three goulden guineas the nixt time he come this way, an' Timsy's lookin' out since for another souse."

"An' to think of the likes of him lettin' himself be spenchelled by a whitefaced shlip of a parson's girleen," said the ostler of the Blue Hoop, who had just louaged across the yard, a big mongrel cur at his heels. "If he had as much sperrit widin' him as that," and he snapped his fingers contemptuously in Lally's face, "he'd

give her a right skelp an' bid her mind her own callings."

"Cut gutther, ye shtag," yelled Lally, incensed at the insult to his mistress. Gutter being a colloquial term in Ireland for mud, an invitation to displace it is equivalent to a command to the individual addressed to betake himself elsewhere with all speed, and Lally, his hands being both engaged with his charges, emphasized his words by a kick aimed in his adversary's direction. This had, however, a disastrous and unlooked-for effect. The big dog, deeming violence intended to his master, rushed in savagely in his defence. Lally met him with another well-aimed kick that hurled him half a dozen feet away. There were roars of delight from the bystanders, and cheers for man and dog as the animal came on furiously for another onslaught; but this time, shirking a frontal attack upon his enemy, who stood ready for him, he closed his teeth, with a sudden side spring, in the fetlock of the near horse that Lally led. The terrified animal reared and plunged wildly, frightening the other horse, that lashed out in its turn, striving to break away. Other dogs rushed in, barking and snarling; some of the men ran to help, others shouted with laughter, as Lally, cursing with Irish volubility, was dragged hither and thither across the yard by the maddened animals. Whether any one with mischievous intent set a bucket of water in his path, as Lally afterwards furiously asserted, or whether by mere unlucky chance the horses pulled him where it had been set down, Lally at any rate failed to see that obstacle and fell prone over it, involuntarily slackening his grasp of the reins as he fell, and the horses with one final plunge broke loose and galloped away down the homeward road. It was a drenched Lally, covered with grime

and blood, who burst into the room where the gentlemen were assembled just as Lord Santry had issued his command of silence.

"Me lord——" he gasped.

Harry turned upon him furiously. "Hold your tongue, d—n you, no man's to speak here but me."

But Lally was too excited to pay attention. "The horses is broke away, me lord, thim divvle's limbs in the yard——"

"Faith, he can't make his own servant heed him," sneered Sir John.

"Didn't I bid you keep silence, rascal?" shouted Harry, as he lunged fiercely at Lally. He was one of the best swordsmen of his day, at a time when every Irish gentleman carried his life, so to say, on the point of his rapier, and, drunk as he was, he could measure his distance to an inch. He meant to bring his weapon within a hand's-breadth of Lally's breast, but as he stepped forward to make the thrust, his foot slipped in a pool of wine that had been spilt upon the floor. He stumbled, and the next instant his sword was through Lally's body.

"It has me destroyed," said Lally, as he fell, a huddled heap, upon the floor.

The whole company, silent till that moment, sprang to their feet with oaths and outcries. Harry, sobered on the instant by the shock, dropped upon his knees and took the dying man's head upon his arm. Poor Lally made one last prodigious effort.

"Ye niver maned it, me lord, 'twas only yer fun," he whispered through the blood that was choking him; but only Harry heard the words.

Thereafter all was turmoil and confusion. The watch were called for and arrived, looking mightily alarmed. Very gingerly they ventured to take hold of the tall, handsome young lord, who was pointed out to them as the

slayer, and they displayed the most manifest relief when he submitted to them unresisting, seeming indeed quite stupefied, and hardly aware of what was being done to him. He was bestowed in the local watch-house for the night, and conveyed under guard into Dublin the next morning to be lodged in Newgate prison.

The chief jailer, Hawkins, who has left his name to come down to us as noted, even amongst the turnkeys and jailers of his day, for his exactions and brutalities towards those so unhappy as to be committed to his custody, yet knew how to differentiate towards a noble prisoner. Instead of thrusting him into one of the filthy, underground dens, that were frequently under water, and where prisoners of both sexes were herded together without regard of sex or decency, he made haste to place his own room at Lord Santry's disposal, and it was there that his wife found him sitting, his head buried in his hands. He looked up at her light touch upon his shoulder with a face haggard with misery.

"It was an accident, Ann," he said hoarsely; "I swear it to you by all that is sacred. I was drunk, vilely, horribly drunk, but not drunk enough to harm Lally—Lally, who played robbers and went bird-nesting with me at Santry long ago. I would have died rather than harm a hair of his head, but I have killed him, and only for the horror and the shame of it, I wish they would kill me too, and have it over."

And Ann, who was so much the stronger nature of the two, gathered her poor boy in her arms, hiding her own wretchedness whilst she strove to soothe him, and the two young creatures clung to each other, finding some poor comfort in that close companionship.

Dublin was well used to the doings

of the bloods and pinkindindies, the young men of fashion, who evinced their high spirit and their contempt for those whom they considered their inferiors by breaking windows, prod-ing and pinking peaceable citizens with the points of their swords, thrust through the ends of their scabbards for that purpose, and who wrecked the theatres whenever the actors or the plays chanced to displease them. Hitherto, however, they had not gone the length of taking the lives of those who ventured to oppose them, save by the proper and accepted method of duelling. By a most unfortunate mis-chance, so at least Lord Santry's family conceived it, a new Lord-Lieutenant, his Grace of Devonshire, had just been appointed, and instead of following the comfortable custom of his predecessors, remaining in Eng-land and appointing Lords Justices to rule the country for which he was responsible, he had come over to govern in person, and had declared his intention of putting down all such disorders with a strong hand. Laugh-lin Murphy's death afforded a valuable opportunity of making this plain, and it was speedily announced that it was to be treated, not as the unlucky result of a young nobleman's drunken freak, but as plain and downright murder, even as if a coal-porter in his cups had felled his mate. A peer of the realm, however, whether he were a murderer or no, could only be tried by his peers, and Dublin, to its intense excitement and gratification, learnt that a state trial in full-est pomp would take place in the new Parliament House that had just risen up, white and sparkling, built of granite from the Wicklow Mountains, upon College Green.

"Not a bowshot from the College,
Half the globe from sense and knowl-edge,"

had been Swift's bitter gibe concern-

ing it, whilst the citizens of Dublin, partly to denote their opinion of the oratory within its walls, and partly in allusion to the lofty dome that crowned the pile, dubbed it Goose Pie.

So many, however, and so important were the details of procedure and ceremonial to be settled, that autumn and winter had gone by, and it was upon a bright May morning in 1738 that the Chancellor of Ireland, created Lord High Steward for this great occasion, came down in solemn state from his residence in Stephen's Green to try the issue. He rode in a chariot drawn by six horses, Ulster King of Arms in his tabard and the bearer of the Great Seal of Ireland seated opposite to him, whilst Black Rod, who carried a white staff, and the Serjeant-at-Arms, with the mace, were perched in the right and left boots of the equipage. Six gentlemen bareheaded, their hats, chapeau-bras, beneath their arms, marched on either side, and the judges and other officers of state followed in their coaches. By the legal procedure of the day a trial on the capital charge, once commenced, might not be interrupted, but had to continue unbroken to its end. It therefore behoved all concerned to set about their labors betimes, and William III., seated aloft upon his strangely proportioned steed, symbol of Protestant ascendancy, was sending a long shaft of shadow athwart the early morning sunshine that flooded College Green as the stately procession swept round and halted before the portico of the Parliament House.

The trial had occasioned the most intense excitement throughout Ireland, and all the rank and fashion of that kingdom desired to be present at a spectacle which, besides its pomp and pageantry, offered the unwonted thrill of seeing a peer tried for his life. The House of Lords being too confined to accommodate such a throng, the

Irish Commons had obligingly placed their own magnificently proportioned chamber at their lordships' disposal, and most of the winter had been spent in fitting it up as a court of justice. The peeresses in a shimmer of silk and satin were ranged on crimson-covered benches that sloped upwards from the floor, and the commons with their wives and daughters, and a vast company besides, filled the gallery above to overflowing. The Lord High Steward having taken his seat upon the throne prepared for him, Black Rod and Ulster fell on their knees and between them held up the white staff, which he was graciously pleased to accept. Finding it, however, an embarrassing possession, he gave it back to Black Rod for safe keeping, and the court having been thus constituted the sheriffs were bidden to produce their prisoner.

Amidst a silence so tense that the huge assemblage scarcely seemed to breathe, Lord Santry appeared, handsome and erect, though he showed manifest traces of his long confinement within prison walls. On one side of him walked the headsman, his enormous, broad-bladed axe held with its glittering edge averted, and upon the other a pursuivant who carried a shield bearing the Santry arms and quarterings. Having made three deep congees, one to the Lord Steward, one to the peers on the right, and one to those on the left, he took his stand at the bar, and to the question put to him by the Clerk of the Crown, answered, after a moment's hesitation, "Not guilty, upon my honor."

"Culpit, how will your lordship be tried?" was the clerk's next, quaint demand, and to it the answer rang out clear—

"By God and by my peers."

"God send your lordship a good deliverance," responded the clerk with a low bow.

Of this, however, as the trial proceeded, there did not seem much likelihood. Blacker and blacker grew the case against the prisoner, as one by one Sir John Ardagh and the rest of that jovial company were called forward, and, however unwillingly, were made by the Attorney-General's shrewd questioning to tell of Lord Santry's threats and of his fierce onslaught on the dead man. One of the drawers, too, who had entered the room at the moment with fresh supplies of wine, had heard Lord Santry swear he would run the first man through who dared to speak without his leave, and being questioned as to his lordship's demeanor, answered—

"Yer honors—me lords, I mane—he was a roarin' lion shtuffed wid shtrong dhrink."

The criminal law did not permit of a prisoner charged with felony being legally represented. Two counsellors, as barristers were then styled, were, however, allowed to stand at Harry's elbow. They whispered to him from time to time a question to put to the witnesses, which seemed, however, to have but little effect upon the weight of their testimony against himself, and then he was called upon for his defence. He had no witnesses to produce, the only one who would have testified on his behalf was the man for whose murder he stood indicted, poor Lally, who had whispered with his dying breath that he had not meant it. He told his story manfully, poor Harry, who had never spoken in public in all his life before, whilst floor and gallery hung on his utterance, but even as he told it he knew how foolish and improbable it all sounded. That he had not meant to kill Laughlin Murphy, though he had threatened him, but had only feinted at him and his foot had slipped in the pool of wine. Before he had ended he felt that had he himself been

one of the Lords-Triers he would have brushed the tale aside as a flimsy subterfuge, patently invented to excuse a deed for which no excuse was possible. The Solicitor-General's speech followed, calm, impressive, and well reasoned, carrying all the more weight because it displayed no animus against the prisoner, but yet drove home every point against him with deadly effect. At its conclusion the peers withdrew to their own house to deliberate in private. Their absence was but short, and when they returned all present knew by their pale, grave faces what their verdict would be. One by one they filed past the Lord Steward's throne, the junior baron, a hoary-headed veteran but recently ennobled, leading the long procession, and, a peer's honor being held equal to another man's death, each as he went by bowed low, and placing his hand upon his heart, said solemnly, "Guilty, upon my honor." Some of the voices were harsh and grating, others full and deep, but all repeated the same words. To Harry they were like drops of icy water falling upon his brain. He listened, hoping there would be even one who disagreed, one who trusted his word and believed his story; but down to the Earl of Kildare, the premier peer of Ireland, who came last, all said the same. What happened thereafter was to him all blurred and confused. He heard the death sentence spoken, and noted, almost as if it did not concern himself, that Black Rod stood forth and broke the white wand in two whilst the gleaming axe-blade swung round and pointed towards him.

Without in College Green surged a vast crowd: butchers from Ormond Quay with their cleavers in their

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(To be concluded.)

belts, pale-faced weavers from the Liberties, fishwives, coal-heavers, and all the rabble of Dublin agog to know whether the young lord was to live or die. It was Harry himself who answered the question, coming out to the hackney coach that waited to take him back to Newgate, the executioner walking before him, the axe held significantly just at the height of his lordship's neck with its edge towards him. Harry was deathly pale, but he held his head high, and the sound that went through the crowd at his appearance was half a groan and half a sob. A few derisive cries were raised, but they met with no response, and in respectful silence the coach with the prisoner and his guard was allowed to pass. Just as it turned out of the precincts of the Parliament House, Harry, with sudden, startled recognition, caught the gaze of a pair of star-like eyes from beneath a close-drawn hood. It was Ann herself—Ann, who must be near her boy, must know the outcome of the trial at the first moment, but who could not have borne to take the place that was hers amongst the peeresses, to feel herself the mark of all the curious eyes, the object of all the malicious whispers. Rather than that, she had stood through the long hours in the foremost rank of the close-pressed throng, disguised in her maid's clothes, and compelled to listen to all the foul talk and the ribald jests around her,—the conjectures as to whether the young sprig, if found guilty, would dance his last jig' on nothing or be topped, and which would be the more pleasing and exciting to witness. But she had held her ground to the last, to send Harry, through all her anguish, that one brave smile of cheer and sympathy.

J. M. Callwell.

MEDIAEVAL LOVE AND FAITH.

In mediaeval times men seem to have been nearer to the unseen world than the men of to-day. No doubt perspective, that wonderful perspective of history into which the poet alone can enter, deepens the impression. We cannot feel the doubts and fears that made the unknown dreadful to that age. No two ages have doubts and fears in common. We laugh at theirs, they would have laughed at ours. But making every allowance for the absence of personal contact, the men and women of, let us say, the fourteenth century, were nearer in spirit to the unseen than we are. Life in material fashion has so much more to offer us. Our common comforts were beyond their dreams of luxury. The ages of physical comfort lay behind them, lay before them. They lived between a civilization that had exhausted itself and a civilization that sees no limits to physical transformations. To them the subtler things of life were part of the spiritual world. Their earthly pleasures were gross, when they were not supernatural, and they enjoyed their earthly pleasures amazingly and sought their spiritual solace with astonishingly swift transition from the merest earthliness to the supremest heavenliness. For instance, the mediaeval conception of love was as noble a thing as this world is ever likely to see. It was no mere troubadour imagination. They had a conception of love between man and woman that has stamped itself for ever into the imagination of mankind. The love that Dante in his supreme fashion, and many another singer in fierce intensity, set forth, lay deep in the heart of every page boy, every girl in every bower, and it was to be found, too, in the villein's cot and the bur-

gess's vill. It was akin to religion. It was religion. The whole mediaeval conception of love well may often make our age ashamed. The sense of chivalry found its fountain and its ceaseless inspiration in the conception of womanhood that the commonalty, as well as the priesthood, wove round Mary, the Lady of the World. They found God, and His messengers to them, everywhere. No field or wood but had some flower-remembrancer of them. Love was the moral keynote of those ages. The Prioress wore

a broche of gold ful shene,
On whiche was first ywriten a
crouned A,
And after, *Amor vincit omnia*.
The love depicted in *The Squiere's Tale* was the ideal love of woman for man:—

His maner was an heven for to see
To any woman, were she never so
wise;

So painted he and kempt, at point
devise,

As wel his wordes, as his countenance.
And I so loved him for his obeisance,
And for the trouthe I demed in his
herete,

That if so were that anything him
smerte,

Al were it never so lite, and I it wist,
Me thought I felt deth at myn herte
twiste.

And shortly, so fer forth this thing is
went,

That my will was his wille's instru-
ment;

This is to say, my will obeyed his will
In alle thing, as fer as reson fill,
Keeping the boundes of my worship
ever;

Ne never had I thing so lefe, ne lever,
As him, God wot, ne never shall
no mo.

The love of man for woman is even more deeply uttered in the dying cry of Arcite in *The Knighte's Tale*:—

Nought may the woful spirit in myn
herte
Declare o point of all my sorwes
smerte
To you, my lady, that I love most;
But I bequethe the service of my gost
To you aboven every creature
Sin that my lif he may no lenger
dure.
Alas the wo! Alas the peines stronge,
That I for you have suffered, and so
longe!
Alas the deth! Alas min Emelie!
Alas departing of our compagnee!
Alas min hertes quene! Alas my wif!
Min hertes ladie, ender of my lif!
What is this world? What axen men
to have,
Now with his love, now in his colde
grave,
Alone, withouten any compagnie.
Farewel, my swete, farewell, min
Emelie.

But the pure and yet passionate love of mediæval times stands in the most curious and acute contrast to an extraordinarily gross conception of sex relations which very often are frankly quite loveless. The purely material and the purely spiritual jostle each other in the most astounding fashion. No one can be a student of Chaucer and yield to the infinite charm of his men and women without feeling this; and one finds it at every turn in mediæval life.

But all the same, or perhaps partly because of this sharp contrast, they were very close to the unseen and the supernatural. It was due also to the environment of the age. To us war is strange, unreal, unfamiliar. At this time it has come upon us as eruptions from long-sleeping volcanoes come in the East. It has come in its worst fashion. It has been hurled at the world by men who had talked of peace. It is sudden, unfamiliar, hellish. To the mediæval mind it was none of these things. At the worst it was a visitation of God. But it was a frequent visitation and was a con-

tinual reminder of the uncertainty of life and earthly goods. And War, then, had two sisters, Famine and the Plague. They, too, with terrible frequency touched the shoulders of men and cried, "Come, come away!" The story of *Everyman* meant everything to the mediæval mind. But the human mind adjusts itself; seeks comfort where it may be found. It was to be found, as it is still to be found (this war will prove it), in the spiritual world around mankind. But they had what we had not, and, being what we are, could not and would not have; they had seisin of an intermediate spiritual world—I speak of the commonalty, the laity—that showed itself in wind and weather, on hill and heath, a world peopled with creatures neither divine nor human, ever whispering well or ill, the fairies, oafs and elves, and spirits and witches, that came again to haunt our nurseries when the Brothers Grimm and Hans Andersen called them from the forests and mountains and lakes of Central and Northern Europe. They had, too, and held with loving faith the legends of the saints and of men like Arthur, and of wizards like Merlin. These stories were written into their lives. They had real spiritual significance. They were not merely pleasing fancies, nor were they deep stirring allegories. They were realities. And behind them shone, as in a great framework or picture instinct with life, something that meant more, far more than all else, but was, too, akin to all these other spiritual and unseen things—the great processional picture of the Birth and Life and Death and Resurrection of Christ. That pageantry flamed across the horizon of their lives: with it were the things of spiritual significance that we inevitably have dispensed with. But the main picture of their inner life they held in common

with us and they felt themselves, if such a conception is possible, part of the great pageant that they watched. They joined themselves to it. They felt themselves moving with it. Christ and the Virgin and Joseph were of their time and age. They knew them well. They walked their villages. Christ was born in their stables, lay in their byres with their oxen and asses, glorified their fields with the splendor of his heavenly host. They realized the Great Birthday in a fashion that we do not. Their folk-carols were songs, not only written about Christ and His mother, but written in sight of the Eternal Vision. Mr. G. G. Coulton gives us a wonderful picture in his *Christmas Pageant* drawn from St. Bonaventura, or one of his followers:—

And now the ox and the ass bent their knees, and stretched their heads over the manger, breathing through their nostrils, as though they knew by the light of reason that the Babe, so miserably clad, needed their warmth at a time of such bitter cold. His mother, for her part, bowed her knees in adoration, and gave thanks to God, saying: "Lord and Holy Father, I thank Thee that Thou hast given me Thy Son; and I adore Thee, God Everlasting, and Thee, Son of the Living God and of me." In like manner did Joseph adore Him; and, taking the ass's saddle, and drawing from it a little cushion of wool or rough cloth, he laid it by the manger, that Our Lady might sit thereon. She therefore set herself down thereon, and laid the saddle under her elbow; and thus sat the Lady of the World, holding her face over the manger, and fixing her eyes, with all the desire of her heart, upon her dearly-beloved Son. . . . So when our Lord was thus born, a multitude of angels stood

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there and adored their God; then they went in all haste to the shepherds hard by, perchance at a mile's distance, to whom they told how and where our Lord was born; after which they ascended to heaven with songs of rejoicing, announcing the glad news to their fellow-citizens also. Wherefore the whole court of heaven, filled with joy, made great feast and praise; and, having offered thanks to God, all the angels of heaven came according to their Orders, turn by turn, to see the face of their Lord God; where, worshipping Him with all reverence, and his Mother likewise, they quired unto Him with songs of praise.

Here we see the burning faith of the men of the Middle Ages ready to call down legions of angels, but ready, too, to find the Lord of Heaven and earth incarnated, scarcely a miracle to them, in their township on this bitter night.

We have scorned too long the Ages of Faith in our inability to separate the superstitious environment, that spiritual reaching out in times of darkness, from the act of faith itself. The rudeness of those ages was illuminated in a fashion that this new age will have to seek anew: illuminated by the highest conception of love, by splendid chivalry and profound faith. Set in so many and great dangers they found in these things a Ladder of Perfection, a way of escape. In the inevitable abandonment of much that faith held dear six centuries ago, we have for a time lost this way of escape. The reconstruction of personal relationship with the spiritual and the unseen is the work that lies before the world to-day. Of materialism we have seen and heard and felt enough.

J. E. G. de M.

OXYGEN EXERCISE.

SCENE.—A mud puddle in —shire, in which are discovered forty yeomen in khaki lying on their backs and flapping their legs like seals. They are not really seals, but men whom their King and country need, doing breathing exercises. The reason they do not get up out of the puddle and walk away is that they would probably be killed by the enormous troop sergeant who is instructing them.

Troop Sergeant (fiercely). Now then. Work at it. I'm 'ere to do you a bit of good, I am. Finest thing in the world, this is. Some of you fellows don't know a good thing when you see it. What is it that causes tubercylosis? Why, want of hoxygen. That's what it is. Look at Sam Stevens—middle-weight champion of the world he was. And what did he die of? Why, drink. And what made him take to drink? Why, want of hoxygen. That's what it was. If a man can't breathe hoxygen he'll drink it. How many cells do you suppose you 'ave in your lungs, Number Three?

Number Three (inhaling through the mouth). Don't know, Sergeant.

Troop Sergeant. Why, fifty million. Fifty million cells in your lungs you've got.

[**Number Three,** appalled at this revelation, inhales briskly through the nose in the hope of filling some of them.]

Troop Sergeant. And how many do you suppose you generally use? Why, not half of them. Twenty-five million cells you've got doing nothing.

[**Number Three** exhales despondently through the mouth, realizing the vanity of all human endeavor. The **Troop Sergeant,** satisfied that he has disposed of **Number Three,**

glares contentedly at the troop in silence.

Troop (exhalng through the mouth). F-s-s-s-h.

Troop Sergeant (with sudden emotion). Look at your neck, Number Ten. I ask you, look at the back of your neck.

[**Number Ten,** feeling that this is a difficult feat to perform at any time and quite impossible when lying on his back, continues to gaze upwards, conscious of insubordination.

Troop Sergeant. Why is it twisted like that? A bone out of place, the doctors will tell you. But (*solemnly*) WHY is it out of place, I ask you? Tell me that. Want of hoxygen—that's what it is. It's as plain as day.

[Enter **Troop Officer.**

Troop Officer (explosively). A-tssh! Code id by head, Sergeant.

Troop Sergeant. Ah, Sir, if you was to do these breathing exercises you wouldn't 'ave no colds, Sir. If everyone was to do these exercises there wouldn't be no doctors, Sir. It's only want of hoxygen that makes people ill. There isn't a man in this troop 'ad a cold since we began, Sir.

Numbers Five, Seven and Nine (surreptitiously). A-tiss!

[**The Troop Sergeant** is about to ignore this breach of discipline when **Number Three,** who has been trying to repress a sneeze while inhaling through the nose and at the same time carrying the legs to a vertical position above the body, explodes violently.

Troop Sergeant (ominously). Number Three!

Number Three (weakly). Yes, Sergeant.

Troop Sergeant. Have you got a cold?

Number Three (ingratiatingly). Only a very little one, Sergeant.

Troop Sergeant (appealing to Officer). Isn't it enough to break one's 'eart, Sir? 'Ere am I trying to do them a bit o' good and 'ere's this man lies there with his 'ead tucked into 'is chest, and doesn't even try to breathe.

Punch.

There's only one thing that causes a cold. Want of hox— A-tissh! A-tissh!

[A painful silence ensues. The Officer walks away, leaving the Sergeant to his grief. The forty seals continue to flap in the mud puddle in —shire.

THE NEUTRALITY OF AMERICA.

Mr. Bryan's letter to the Chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee removes, we think, all substantial danger of misunderstanding between this country and the United States. Misunderstanding between nations as between persons is usually the effect of failure to see, not merely the case for the other side, but its impelling motives. There was an hour when, for various reasons, we feared that America might not divine our case, or we hers. The confrontation between the two Powers was serious and direct. We were the greatest sea-Power at war with the greatest land-Power, and it was vital for us to prevent her from replenishing the resources from which she drew the implements of her gigantic challenge. Clearly, if the Allied armies fail to reach a decisive conclusion, the British investment from the sea will determine the issue of the struggle. Now, America has given ample evidence of where her sympathy lies. She had indeed no ground of hesitation. She has been the chief promoter and the most ardent advocate of the cause of international law and arbitrament, and she has seen that flag sink in the flames of war. She is pre-eminently the representative of the principle of free national and State development as opposed to that of military force directed from an autocratic centre to conquest. She has been as swift to

recognize the need of Belgium as we, and even more impulsively generous in her efforts to relieve it.

On the other hand, nature and history have combined to make America an international Power. By virtue of the infiltration from Western and Eastern Europe, each one of the leading European stocks has been grafted, with its stock of passions and relationships, on to her social life and system of government; and as the chief of the neutral nations, she has the most to lose by the restriction of her export and import trade with our Continent. Here lies the point of conflict with Great Britain. British sea supremacy practically limits American traffic to cotton and food for the civil population of Germany and Austria and to goods genuinely destined for neutral countries and dissociated from illicit trading with our enemies. She is therefore driven this way and that by fiercely contesting forces. Morally, she is with us; and no mere political or commercial "pull" can sever that tie. But when her manufacturers call for this or that import, such as dyestuffs from Germany or rubber from England, which we can forbid, she is conscious of a divided interest. Our merchant vessels supply the mass of her sea-carrying power; our war vessels govern its volume and direction. The aim of all this regulation is to end the war as

quickly as possible, and with the least possible loss to the freedom of mankind. But the method is embarrassing, and it is not unnatural for a great and proud nation like the United States to sigh over such manifestations of power, and instinctively desire a sea-force comparable with our own. Happily, the question is rather a moral than a material one. The actual loss which America suffers from our superiority is not great, and our concession of free cotton, highly damaging as it is to our siege of the German Powers—for, as Mr. Belloe says, it is equivalent to letting a “lethal weapon” through the German lines—has greatly lessened it. And when she examines the situation with the candor of Mr. Bryan’s letter, she discovers that the claims we make on her as a neutral Power are merely those which in substance she has put forward when, in her turn, she was a belligerent. What more can we ask? Her statesmen have not indeed acted up to the full measure of the national judgment of the issue between us and Germany, and their caution has, we think, contributed to an evil conduct of the war and a reckless disregard of the principles and enactments of the Hague Conventions. But we can find no ground of quarrel with the general interpretation of her rights and duties as a neutral which we find in Mr. Bryan’s despatch.

Take the main issues. If America had wished to be unfriendly, she might conceivably have dealt us three serious blows. She might have fiercely resented the right of search, and thwarted it by a continuous quarrel on the question of what was contraband and what was not, and on the action of our Prize Courts. She might have declared that her ships should have free course to neutral ports, without reference to the character of their cargo or its real desti-

nation. And she might have aimed at nullifying the grand effect of our sea-power by forbidding or hampering the export of munitions of war to the Power which alone could ensure their safe passage. On all these points she seems to us finally to have taken safe and moderate ground. Our weak point has been the inevitable shifting with the outbreak of war of our lists of positive and conditional contraband. America’s reply is to acknowledge the wide needs of modern “scientific” warfare. “Military operations,” says Mr. Bryan, “are largely a question of motive power through mechanical devices.” This formula shuts out rubber and petroleum, and with this concession we may well be content. The traffic with neutrals is a more difficult matter. We cannot ask America to surrender it. But we can ask her to remember the supreme necessity of stopping an illicit traffic in an article like copper. If unwrought copper passes freely, Germany’s power to hold up the world in a war of years is immensely fortified. And if, on her side, America insists that suspicion of contraband is not enough, and that proof such as a civil law court might require must be forthcoming to justify the arrest of a ship, she gives a clear run to a gigantic enterprise in smuggling. Suspicion is of the nature of the case, and is inevitable under the recent American rule which allows a ship to declare her manifest thirty days after sailing. All that we can be expected to do is to act reasonably and quickly; and all that we can ask of America is to attach due weight to the doctrine of “continuous voyage,” and to the immense temptation of a smuggling trade whose profits, in the case of copper, must inevitably run to cent. per cent. We may well be content if this, on the whole, appears to be the line of Mr. Bryan’s letter to Mr. Stone.

But an unfriendly dealing with secret trading in contraband for Germany would have been less serious than an embargo on munitions of war for the Allies. There, indeed, the ground would have been untenable. International law does not require a neutral to restrict the private trade of its subjects in the means of war. The rôle of an international police may, indeed, arise from a finer code of international morals than this distracted world can envisage. But for us an American prohibition of the trade in munitions could have had but one meaning. It would have said: "You, the less prepared, the less military Power, shall go short against the calculated force and accumulated stores of your enemies. We strike from your hand your sea-power, the element on which you rely to enable you to restore the balance."

If America has not done this it is because she perceives and has enacted the part of a good neutral. Here we cannot ask her to fight for us; we can only ask her not to fight against us. To call for more is to remove the controversy to the plane of morals and world-policy, and to raise a wider ground of appeal. In our view, the time will come when America will realize that she cannot dishonor her signature to the Hague Conventions. The Germans have succeeded in substituting for them a general rule of war-necessity, and even in brushing aside most of the mere exceptions into

which she has turned a definite, positive code of humanity. No belligerent can very well set up this broken table of law, and yet, if it lies in ruins, each succeeding war will be worse than its predecessor, each act of international faith and trust weaker, and each mark of true civilization fainter. Has America nothing to say? We know that she has a predominant opinion. But the expression of opinion is a sacred service to society, which in earlier battles of freedom in Europe, America has freely rendered. True neutrality, as Sir John Macdonell well says, is not silent neutrality; and the history of neutrals consists in part in resistance to improper and exorbitant claims on the part of belligerents. Does America consider that Germany's violation of each one of the Hague Conventions which opposed itself to her plan of campaign, and to the degree of ruthlessness with which she judged it advisable to conduct it, should pass without a word of judgment from the Power whose moral interest in them is second to none, and whose authority is in proportion to its virtual impregnability from European attack? The Hague Conventions never had any executive force behind them. Have they therefore no binding character on their signatories? America's silence seems to say that they have not; and therefore to pass on Germany's breach of them an act of condonation which generations of men may come to mourn.

The Nation.

NEUTRALS AND CONTRABAND.

Sir Edward Grey's preliminary answer to the American Note is a frank and friendly discussion of the delicate question with which the United States and British Governments are

faced, and as such it has been received by practically the whole of the American Press. It is an effort to accommodate the difficulties arising out of the legitimate activity of the

British Fleet in preventing supplies reaching the enemy, and so prolonging the war, and the legitimate anxiety of the United States to secure its own extensive commercial interests on the Continent. Treated as the problem has been by the Governments and Press of both countries we are confident that it will be solved. It is unfortunate, but inevitable, that neutrals should suffer in a quarrel not their own, but in modern war the neutral may lose commercially almost as much as the participant. America, no doubt, has been prepared for this, since Sir Edward Grey in his great speech of 3 August last, which was printed at length in every American newspaper, stated that:

"We are going to suffer, I am afraid, terribly in this war, whether we are in it or whether we stand aside. *Foreign trade is going to stop, not because trade routes are closed, but because there is no trade at the other end.* Continental nations engaged in war—all their populations, all their energies, all their wealth, engaged in a desperate struggle—cannot carry on the trade with us that they are carrying on in times of peace, whether we are parties to the war or whether we are not. The amount of harm that can be done by an enemy ship to our trade is infinitesimal, compared with the amount of harm that must be done by the economic condition that is caused on the Continent."

Those words apply to the neutral United States as much as to belligerent England, and they explain why America has naturally listened eagerly to the "peace talk" which interested agents have started from time to time in the American Press. The normal trade of the United States has, in fact, suffered very considerably as the result of the war, but that is not due to the action of any one of the belligerents since the war began, but to the original action of Germany in de-

claring war against Russia on behalf of Austria at the very moment when Austria was preparing to settle her differences with Russia, and so provoking a general European conflict. The average business man in the United States does, we think, recognize that fact, and pockets his loss with what philosophy he may; it has been the practical consideration which has decided sympathy for the Allies, as the violation of Belgium has been, and remains, the moral consideration.

At the same time such of the normal trade of the United States as remains with the belligerents and European neutrals, carried on under certain difficulties in any event, has inevitably been hampered somewhat further by the necessity under which the British Navy is placed of controlling the great trade which has grown up since August last in contraband of war and conditional contraband. The figures which Sir Edward Grey quotes, in his answer to President Wilson, as to the exports from New York to neutral countries, are very significant. In the month of November alone the exports to Denmark rose from 558,000 dollars in 1913 to 7,101,000 in 1914; to Sweden they rose from 377,000 dollars to 2,858,000; to Norway from 477,000 dollars to 2,318,000; to Italy from 2,971,000 dollars to 4,781,000; to Holland they fell slightly, from 4,389,000 dollars to 3,960,000. Although these figures are not put forward as conclusive, they do in fact show that while American trade has suffered heavily in certain respects through the war, it has gained and is still gaining considerably in others. Traffic with Germany and Austria is being carried on through neutral countries instead of directly with Hamburg and Bremen and Trieste. So far as that traffic is not in contraband or conditional contraband, we have no legitimate title to object; and Presi-

dent Wilson has, of course, admitted that the contraband trader must look after himself. He makes a high profit out of the necessities of Germany, and he takes the risks of capture on the high seas. If his consignments are seized he has no remedy from Washington, and, indeed, he has already excited the anger of the American Government by shipping contraband under false manifests, which necessarily leads to a close search of merchant vessels and consequent delay, since the great ships of to-day can only be examined in port and not on the high seas. As a fact, the contraband trader has usually secured himself against loss by insisting on cash before shipment, and the safe arrival or seizure of his cargo is, therefore, not a matter which concerns him greatly, save in so far as his sympathies are with Germany or the continual seizure of contraband makes dealing unprofitable from the German Government's point of view. The latter problem has not yet arisen, since the German Government is so anxious to obtain the material for munitions of war that it has shown itself ready to pay a steadily increasing price for copper; and it is not likely to arise until Germany is near the end of her resources.

We have considered the question thus far mainly from the standpoint of the neutral. It is important for us as one of the belligerents to get the point of view of the country which suffers in a quarrel not its own, and Sir Edward Grey's language, both in the speech we have quoted and in his reply to the American Note, shows that he does appreciate the neutral point of view—which is, indeed, not very difficult to a member of a Cabinet which approved the Declaration of Paris on the assumption that Britain would be neutral in a coming war. But while we appreciate the

neutrals' difficulty we have a right to ask that they shall in turn appreciate ours; and so far there has been, we think, a very genuine attempt on the part of most of the neutral countries concerned to do so. Officially their attitude has been correct and their Press ready to present both sides of the case, with perhaps a natural bias in favor of the Allies on account of the war which Germany began by violating a neutral country—an asset of no inconsiderable value to ourselves. But there has been, and there continues to be, a trade in contraband, conditional contraband, and foodstuffs destined for Germany through neutral territories, which, with every respect for the rights of neutrals, we owe it to ourselves and our Allies to stop. That is what we may call the passive work of the British Navy, as the destruction of the German Fleet will one day be its active work.

The "Daily Chronicle," which is inclined to take the view that we have not been firm enough on this question of contraband—for ourselves, we believe that lack of consistency has been more our real failing than lack of firmness—suggests that coffee, the staple drink of Germany, should be added to the list, and, while approving the prohibition of the export of cocoa, hints that this is locking the stable-door after the horse has bolted, Germany having provisioned herself with cocoa for a year ahead. We confess we do not understand why cocoa was not placed on the list of prohibited exports at the start; but now that the mischief is done a more important point of practical importance is raised by the "Daily Chronicle," which declares that German traders are taking advantage of the British cable system to trade with neutral countries. If we are thus making a present to our enemy of our cables at a time when the only available mail

routes are slow, indirect, and uncertain, we agree that we are giving him incalculable assistance. "Common-sense suggests that trading with the enemy and enabling him to trade with others are operations not easily distinguishable either in principle or practical effect," says the "Chronicle," which obviously has certain information in its possession on which the Government should not delay action; it is quite useless to expect the Navy to do its work properly if the cables are being used to facilitate the enemy's trade. The "Chronicle" advocates a cable blockade—a drastic measure for which there is precedent in the action of the United States in 1898 during the war

The Saturday Review.

with Spain; this would, at any rate, ensure that Germany was deprived of one outlet from the economic strangulation which it is our business to force upon her. The "Daily Chronicle" has done a patriotic service in bringing this question to the front.

For the rest, we may rely on the Government to maintain friendly terms with the neutral nations, despite difficult circumstances which may cause complaint if not diplomatic friction from time to time. In the long run it will be to the neutrals' interest, as it is ours, for Germany to be reduced as soon as possible, so that peace may be restored and something like a return to normal conditions.

THE MEANING OF THE WAR.

It is just possible that Englishmen and Britons do not yet realize the true significance of this war for themselves. We are still so bemused by a long-standing tradition or prescription that we quite fail to grasp the obvious and devouring truth that our entire world status is being directly and explicitly challenged to-day. For England and her Empire this war is almost purely defensive in character. We are not out for territory: we have more than enough on our hands already. We are not fighting to acquire naval supremacy: we have it to-day. We had no need or desire to increase our political power and prestige—our position in this respect never stood higher than before the war began. We have little or nothing to gain from the war except the maintenance of the status quo. British South Africa would certainly look neater with the addition of German South-West Africa, and German East Africa would give us an all-red route for the shining parallels which are some day to

link the Lion's Head with the Delta of the Nile. But these advantages are scarcely worth the expenditure of five hundred millions of money and perhaps a quarter of a million of human lives.

Look at Germany on the contrary. She has everything to gain by the war. New territory in Europe, new territory over the seas—these things she regards as essential to her national welfare and evolution. She must have more elbow-room and fuller opportunities for her growing, ambitious, and enterprising folk. Have we seriously considered the feelings of the German towards the British Empire? He quite fails to regard that political phenomenon as an evidence and outcome of British heroism and determination. He attributes our Empire rather to good luck combined with a quantum suff. of sharp practice. We need not trouble to reply to the charges of low cunning and dishonesty. Our Imperial record is certainly not without its blots and stains, but

on the whole it has unquestionably made for human welfare and freedom. No doubt in more barbarous and unenlightened ages of the past we were not much saintlier than our contemporaries. We have buccaneered and slave-driven with the best and worst of them. But looking round the world to-day we may surely claim that wherever the British flag flies, wherever the Imperial Government holds sway, there is order, justice, pure administration, and the widest possible freedom. Is there any evidence that the substitution of Germany for England as the greatest Imperial world-Power would be any improvement? Our fellow-subjects in the great Dependencies clearly do not think so.

Still it is not wholly untrue that we owe our Imperial position largely to good fortune—geographical convenience, favorable opportunity, and so forth. It has been truly said that for eighty years after the Battle of Trafalgar we had the outer world to ourselves. Even before then and certainly during the eight decades we were able to peg out our claims in the lone lands of the world without much rivalry or opposition. Of course we had to win the Battle of Trafalgar and the sea supremacy it established for us. But other circumstances combined to give our navigators and adventurers and colonizers a very open field in the Far West and the Far South. The United States were at the beginning of last century just starting their long task of expansion westwards. France was occupied for many years with the conquest of Europe and recurring social revolutions. No German Empire existed. Spain, Portugal, and Holland had wholly fallen out of the concurrence. Thus we were able to secure most things on the map worth having in a rather leisurely and comfortable way, and as a rule with-

out much opposition from the aboriginal owners. We had some little fighting to do in New Zealand, but how much gunpowder did we expend in acquiring the island-continent of Australia with its three million square miles of mother-earth?

For many years we took our huge landed estate as a matter of course. We made little effort to justify our sovereignty by occupation and development. We never tried to divert the broad and deep stream of our emigration from foreign to British shores. Here is a little landmark to illustrate the point: as late as the year 1880 we were exporting to the United States twice as many of the precious British stock as found their way to Canada, Australia, New Zealand, and South Africa combined. It scarcely occurred to us, with some few notable exceptions, that we had any responsibilities and obligations towards our vast dominion "over palm and pine" at any rate outside India. We paid little attention to our other tropical Dependencies, and let Australia with its five million white skins to-day all told attest the sort of efforts we made to people our vast territories in temperate regions. It seldom occurred to us that our enormous heritage needed to be justified by actual "user," by development in the interests of ourselves and the whole world. And it never occurred to us that our sovereignty over a quarter of the dry land of this planet would some day be curiously examined and shrewdly questioned.

Yet was it not certain that when another powerful and ambitious nation arose, highly civilized itself and desiring to extend the benefits of its "culture" to others, rapidly growing in wealth and numbers, with an increasing need of wider fields for its national energy and enterprise—was it not certain that such a people would

decline to acquiesce quietly in our vastly favored position, a position acquired under wholly different world-conditions in the past? That challenge has been threatening us from Germany for many years, and has now been delivered. That, more than Slav-Teuton antagonism, the secular controversy between France and Germany, or any other issue, is the motive and meaning of the present war. We are the "respondents" to Germany's "appeal." She has everything to win: we have everything to lose. If we lose this war, the British Empire, the most splendid and beneficent Power the world has ever seen, will cease to exist. Our political in-

The Outlook.

fluence, our naval supremacy, and with these, our power to hold together so vast an organization, will be gone for ever. If we win, we shall not say we shall have to meet no future challenge, but we shall have another lease of power and opportunity, another long chance of consolidating and unifying and fortifying our incomparable domain. If we of the six Nations can only realize this—that all our past history and all our present power and place are at stake in this war, if we will only heed and act upon the biddings now addressed to every British heart, "Britons, guard your own"—the result of the mighty conflict will then be assured.

THE SYMPATHY OF NEUTRALS.

Our Press has, ever since the War began, been busy with the chances of Italian and of Rumanian intervention; and its speculations on the subject have in the last week or two become more confident and more apparently precise. It has fastened upon certain facts and certain rumors as pointing in the direction of a speedy and simultaneous abandonment of neutrality by these two Powers. It has interpreted in this sense the emotion with which the people of Italy received the news that first one and then another of Garibaldi's grandsons had died fighting with traditional gallantry side by side with the soldiers of France; it has caught eagerly at the report of a diplomatic protest by Austria-Hungary against the Italian occupation of Valona; it has laid the utmost emphasis upon the unofficial utterances of a Rumanian statesman in Paris.

All this is natural enough. There is every reason, happily, to believe that popular sympathy, both in Italy

and in Rumania, goes out to our cause. We are glad to have it; and if either or both of these countries should decide at this stage or later that it is to their interest to take the field against the Germanic Powers, so considerable an accession of strength would be evidently welcome to us and our Allies. At the same time, we think the moment opportune to urge upon our countrymen the duty of using more discretion in this matter than has sometimes appeared in the comments of our newspapers. We owe it to ourselves that we should not seem to be bidding for a material support, which, to be worth having, must be spontaneous. To discount it can do no good, and is likely to do us positive prejudice. In the first place, it is a matter of common prudence, as well as of dignity, to count entirely upon ourselves. We can only weaken our own resolve to win by dwelling complacently upon contingent factors in our favor. And, in the second place, our diplomatists deserve our confi-

dence, and we ought to beware of an attitude which may prove an embarrassment to their endeavors. It is their business to prepare useful alliances. It is their business to know what the internal situation admits of in the countries to which they are accredited, to explore their resources and to appreciate the reasons which govern their foreign policy.

A little political realism should warn us that the question of armed intervention is more likely to be decided by a calculation of interests than by an impulse of sympathy. The first duty of Italians is to Italy and of Rumanians to Rumania. It is hardly too much to say that idealism in international affairs has waned with the growing strength of the national sentiment. If Rumania goes to war it will be about Transylvania and not about Militarism. Some of our contemporaries, who admit this, are more certain where the interest of neutrals lies than we can profess to be. It is clear to us that the civilized world, and Italy and Rumania in a special degree, stands to gain by the success of the Allies. It does not follow in the least that they ought, from their own point of view, to plunge into a costly and dangerous undertaking in order to have a share in securing it more rapidly. We do not for a moment suggest that a protraction of the war would in any sense be profitable to them. It seems to us reasonable to interpret the maintenance of their neutrality (if they determine to maintain it) as a sign of their confidence in the result, and in that spirit of equity and desire for lasting settlements which will, we are assured, dictate the revision of frontiers when the Allied arms are finally victorious.

Meanwhile we have the good wishes of those nations, and of other nations. That is a great deal. It is one thing

to canvass indecently or to count weakly upon the active participation of friendly Powers in this conflict, and another to do what may be done consistently with self-respect to win and keep the moral sympathy of neutrals. But even in this we must be careful neither to protest too much for dignity, nor, on the other hand, to take the feelings of foreign peoples too much for granted. We have assumed too readily that because the justice of our case and the cleanliness of our record as belligerents are patent to ourselves, they are acknowledged universally; or that the faithlessness and insatiable ambitions of the Prussian State and the abominations which have dishonored German soldiers in our eyes for ever can be doubted by no reasonable being. A cynic might say that the scepticism of half the world is only matched by the credulity of the rest. The fact is that the industrious propaganda which our enemy has organized in every land, though it has sometimes defeated its purpose by excesses and contradictions, has here and there been surprisingly successful. One secret of its strength is the suppleness with which its methods have been adapted to the particular conditions of different atmospheres. Even in Germany itself this principle has been observed: Socialists and Jews are incited against the Russian tyrant, while in Catholic Bavaria a holy war is preached against the irreligion of the French. Our cause is too honest to be presented with such versatility. What we may properly do is to ensure that in countries where (as in Spain and in Sweden) German mendacity, trading upon historical resentments or engineered mistrust, has hitherto triumphed, the essential facts concerning the origin of the War and its conduct on either side shall reach those who lead public opinion, and, if

possible, the mass of the population. The facts, as they are set out in public documents, are eloquent; it is useless, and may do some harm, to encumber them with arguments which are as likely as not to confuse the issues. The world is not invited to arbitrate between us and the enemy, but to hear the truth as we know it.

It is not certain that it will everywhere and immediately prevail. It seems to us extraordinary that honest and intelligent men should still regard us and our Allies as the aggressors, or should still believe that this war has so far been waged upon the German side with humanity and unvarying good fortune, and disloyally and unsuccessfully on ours. But it is hardly doubtful that most Germans believe this heartily; and the German view is accepted by many people, in neutral states, who are neither insincere nor incorrigibly stupid. In some cases, of course, such credulity may be accounted for by the fact that the Germans and their professional apologists control the sources of information. But there is a deeper cause at work. A German professor lectured recently, it seems, upon the question why the Germans have no friends. The answers he suggested are a curious comment upon the national psychology. But the assumption with which he started is probably exaggerated. Germany does not, we think, stand high in the affections of other nations; but there is, in many quarters, a distinct prejudice in her favor, which is the reward, not of amiable qualities, but of past success. There are those who expect, because she won great victories in the last generation, that she will be victorious again. And because they expect her to be victorious, they readily swallow what she says about herself, and instinctively suspect what her

enemies say of her. She has been attacked by jealous rivals, and is now slandered by disappointed foes.

In 1870, German soldiers often behaved inhumanly. They shot many innocent civilians, bombarded churches and hospitals, fired villages and plundered private houses. The French, who suffered these things and recorded them, were pretty generally disbelieved; the world, dazzled by the Prussian triumph, discounted the inventions and exaggerations of a broken and humiliated people. But the German record in that war shows almost white compared with their record in this; and the charges brought against them did not come before civilization guaranteed by such a wealth of irrefragable testimony as is now available. The latest document is the report of the French Commission appointed to investigate the breaches of civilized warfare alleged to have been committed by the enemy in districts lately occupied by him, and now recovered by the French. The report, which runs to forty-two pages, has been published in Paris, and both the French Press and our own have printed considerable extracts from it. The Commission consisted of a judge, a diplomatist, an eminent civil servant and a councillor of State. They examined very numerous witnesses, and sifted the evidence submitted to them rigorously. We cannot find words to express the horror of this record of massacre, arson, rapine, torture and abominable lust. Authentic history offers hardly a parallel to the interminable list of crimes committed by the brutal German soldiery in Belgium and Northern France. They cry to heaven for vengeance. Will the apologists of the Prussian cause in neutral countries attempt to palliate them? Only a complete de-

nial could meet this case. But if there is anyone who still resists the mass of evidence which is now forthcoming,

The New Witness.

he may yet be convinced by the ruin of Prussia and the destruction of the very source of lies.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

The short drama in blank verse by Lily A. Long entitled "Radisson" is based on the recently discovered diary of a French *voyageur* of the late seventeenth century. It portrays the adventures among the Indians of a certain Pierre Radisson and his brother-in-law, the Sieur de Groseilliers, who were the first white men to penetrate the wilderness beyond Lake Superior. A love story with the daughter of the medicine man Ihee for heroine, not to be found in the original documents but inferred by the author from her knowledge of the youth of France, provides most of the dramatic motive power. For the benefit of anyone who may care to produce the play, full directions are given for costuming and for incidental business, as well as for a rather elaborate pageant which may be inserted between Acts Three and Four. As literature, the play suffers from a stilted diction which would send the ghost of the original Radisson into a dangerous fit of temper if it should catch his eye. The verse is for the most part over-Shakespearean, although there are occasional passages of great beauty and of untinged originality. As a play for actual performance by youthful amateurs it ought to prove pleasing and successful. Henry Holt & Co.

Tacitus is the name of the American village in which Mrs. Romilly Fedden places the opening and closing scenes of her "Shifting Sands," but the heroine wanders far before the thread of tragedy spun there is twisted into

good fortune by the kind Fates. Doubly orphaned by the death of her mother and the swiftly-following murder of her father, Jean is adopted by the doctor, the sovereign of the village by virtue of his profession and his good works. He is by no means ruler of his ward, whom grief, and the certainty of being misunderstood by most of her elders, render first timid and then proudly inaccessible to advice. In her untrained innocence, she violates the village ideals of propriety, and the doctor's anger awakens both of them to consciousness of their real feelings for one another. Then, black and awful, they perceive an impassable bar between them. In what manner love and objective physical forces bring them together is known only to themselves and not at all to Tacitus, which is nevertheless pleased to approve. Houghton Mifflin Co.

Life was not altogether easy to George Armstrong Custer, and his gallant death took place amid horrors beyond complete narration, but he must always be the central figure in any book in which he appears. Still, in the hero of "Britton of the Seventh" Mr. Cyrus Townsend Brady has drawn an officer worthy to ride and fight with him. Indeed, the Seventh United States Cavalry, its commander and his kinsmen, and the wife who was by his side in his adventures, make a wonderful group and their history does not really need the slightest heightening of details to be interesting. Mr. Brady, writing with the advantage of that knowledge given by the researches of

the army of scholars, travellers and archaeologists who have studied the Indian since Custer's time, avoids the errors made by all white men forty years ago and shows why certain practices of the red men are not the purely wanton cruelty which they were formerly deemed. His Indian chief is a fine creature according to Indian theories of conduct. Britton himself is worthy of his brilliant leader, but which of the two women who loved him is the heroine, the Becky Sharp or the Americanized Amelia? Mr. Brady does not quite decide, and each reader can settle the question to his own satisfaction. The Kinneys illustrate the manly romance with four good pictures in color. A. C. McClurg & Co.

To the "Spell Series," with which the Page Company has for some years been luring Americans to foreign countries, there is added this season a new volume, the ninth in the series, and certainly one of the most beguiling. It describes and pictures "The Spell of Spain" and is written by Keith Clark. Mr. Clark and his "dear Dona" had a delightful journey, and he describes it with an enthusiasm which expresses the satisfaction of both with the experiences which befell them. They "did" Tangier first, and then made a leisurely and enchanting journey through Spain,—Cadiz, Granada, Seville, Cordova, Madrid, Toledo, Valladolid, Burgos and the rest. Just enough of history, tradition and romance is woven into the narrative to give a setting to the record of personal experiences and observations; and everything is told in a sprightly style. There is a map and fifty or more full-page illustrations, four of them in full color.

Albert Parker Fitch, President of Andover Theological Seminary, has collected his addresses on "The College Course and the Preparation for Life"

originally delivered before the students of Williams College. They are the wise and witty counsels of a man in middle life to the eager boys just spouting towards full manhood. The lecturer deals with the religious aspect of life, taking up "the struggle for personal recognition, the fight for character, the Christian experience." Two of the addresses are especially original in their point of view, "The exceeding difficulties of belief"—he finds the crux of religious difficulties rather in the ethics than in the theology of Jesus—and "The distaste for the beautiful." In this latter he assails the modern American vulgarity in art, in music, in reading, in making a home or a city. He openly declares that the college student out-vulgarizes them all. The book is charmingly written and conspicuous for good sense. Houghton Mifflin Co.

John P. Morton & Co. of Louisville publish, under the title "The Poet and Nature and The Morning Road," a little volume by the late Madison Cawein which will deepen the regret that so keen a lover of out-door life and a poet so sweet and natural in his songs of the birds and flowers should have dropped the pen. The first part of the book is a simple sketch for boys and girls which serves as a thread for stringing bits of outdoor verse; the second part groups fifty or more poems contributed by Mr. Cawein to various periodicals, but now for the first time gathered into a volume.

Mr. Joseph C. Lincoln, following the example of Byron and Kit North, has amused himself by making the portrait of a publisher appear in his pages, but James Campbell is no imitation Blackwood or Murray, but as American as his creator. In "Kent Knowles: Quahaug," he stands, as American as its Cape Cod hero and

even shrewder, having undergone the attrition of cities, and, clever author although Kent is, or perhaps because he is a clever author, he obeys his publisher like a docile lambkin. His reward comes after much tribulation, and although the novel is long, it is not too long for the readers who follow the Cape Cod innocents Hosy and Hephzy through England and France in search of the incomparable she, and conquer Europe and the British Isles on their own ground, beginning by the complete conquest of a British liner, captain, passengers and engineer. Kent is a manly specimen of the middle-aged American, and although he triumphs in the end it is in the good American way, by "giving every one a square deal." The heroine is as feminine as Eve, and as innocent as Una, and as her reward she becomes an American citizen and has her trunks packed with articles upon which Uncle Samuel will collect no duty. The mingled fun, pathos and sentiment of the book make it the best yet produced by its author. D. Appleton & Co.

It is a pity to have to add to Miss Corelli's account with the public a charge of literary murder,—especially when she has taken pains to name the book in which she commits it "Innocent,"—but the facts demand it. Innocent, the heroine,—who is very innocent indeed and unmistakably a heroine,—discovers just before the death of Farmer Jocelyn that she is not his daughter, but only a waif left at his door one stormy night. Robin, who inherits the farm, wishes very much to marry her, but Innocent, whose education has been derived chiefly from the idealistic manuscripts of the Sieur Amadis de Jocelyn, a romantic contemporary of Elizabeth and the first owner of the farm, refuses to do anything so prosaic. She goes alone to London, by the first

train she has ever entered, to make a name for herself; and succeeds, within a year or so, in spreading her fame as an author all over the civilized world, and bringing dukes and duchesses to her feet. But, alas, she falls ethereally in love with a painter who is also, miraculously, named Amadis de Jocelyn. He permits her to think for some months that he returns her sentiments, and is even villainous enough to kiss her occasionally. At last, though the true reason for his act is carefully concealed, he gets tired of her mushiness and flees to Algiers. She returns to the farm the same day, tells the faithful Robin, who has made no attempt to see her in the two or more years of her absence, that she will marry him in the morning if he wishes—and is found the next day, dead in bed! That is all; except that Robin appears in an envoi,—unmarried, in spite of a luxuriant growth of snow-white hair. All Miss Corelli's adults have snow-white hair, most of them are extremely venerable, and you are astonished to discover, by the aid of arithmetic, that the young, passionate period of their lives, in which they wrecked promising careers, began at the age of fifty! That, however, may explain the equally surprising absence of any characters between the ages of twenty and sixty-eight (with the possible exception of those two disreputable creatures, Amadis and Lady Blythe), for it is obvious that the reader has been protected as far as possible from any contamination that might come from exposure to real life, and, as everyone knows, those forty-eight years are just the ones in which real life is most apt to be lived. The long arm of coincidence has become a 60-horse-power derrick; and Miss Corelli, by attaching a number of daintily painted figurines to its arms, has turned it into a rather pretty little puppet show. One

is content to let some authors do all the talking and most of the willing for their characters, but Miss Corelli's preoccupation with fame and with masculine jealousy of woman's success, her amusing contempt for everything modern, and the unearthly sentimentality which she describes as idealism grow tiresome after a very few pages—but what's the use? George H. Doran Company.

Since this is the age of electricity, the biography of a man who as a pioneer in the practical application of electricity was one of America's greatest inventors cannot but be a literary event of importance. "Samuel F. B. Morse, Letters and Journals," by Edward Lind Morse, is a biography of the great inventor, told through his own letters and journals, chronologically arranged and so skilfully woven into a connected whole that one is often hardly conscious of the transition from one letter to another. Such a biography does not give one man's interpretation of genius but leaves each reader to judge and form his own estimate. The first volume of this extensive work deals with the first half of Morse's life, which rather curiously exactly coincides with the division of the two fields in which he displayed his genius. The first volume dealing with Morse as an artist is, from a literary standpoint, the more interesting of the two, since it contains for the most part the letters of a young boy and later of a young man to his parents which are a more unconscious revelation of character than the letters of a mature man written to business and professional colleagues. These early letters furnish most fascinating pictures of New England life in the early eighties, while the letters of the parents written to Morse when he was a student at Yale give an intimate and clear impression

of the religious and moral conceptions of the period. A short time after graduating from Yale, Morse went to England to study art. Here he was not only acquainted with Allston, Benjamin West, Coleridge, and many other famous men, but we have only to recall the dates of his residence in England, 1812 to 1815, to realize how interesting the letters of those years are. His return to America, his struggles to earn a livelihood at his chosen profession, his early marriage, the birth of his children, and the death of his young wife are all described in the first volume, which closes rather dramatically with Morse's embarkation on the Sully, after his second trip to Europe, shortly following the death of his wife. It was on the homeward voyage that the conception of an electric telegraph first arose in the mind of Morse, and with this momentous event the second volume opens. The scientific interest of this volume lies in the recital of the different steps by which the original conception of the telegraph was made practical. The human interest is contained in the revelation of the struggles, the hardships, the pain that were endured before one of the greatest geniuses that America has produced achieved success, or was even allowed to give of his greatness to the world. The beautiful old face as it is portrayed on one of the pages of the second volume is a perfect reflection of the struggling genius who found neither peace nor rest throughout a long life, a wanderer longing for home, and never knowing one until well past fifty. We who are so apt to accept the wonders of the world without ever a thought of what they cost to produce or ever a feeling of gratitude to those who sacrificed life and often more than life to produce them, would do well to read more than once "Samuel F. B. Morse; Letters and Journals." Houghton Mifflin Co.